EDMONTON'S 100% INDEPENDENT NEWS & ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

# UEWEEKLY

NO. 612 / JULY 12 - JULY 18, 2007 | FREE

HSS



# E ANDA

LOCAL QUARTET FULL OF HOT LOVIN' AND HOT AIR. [MARY CHRISTA O'KEEFE / 35]

TEWS: KHZ # J

ARTS: CANDY MOUNTAIN / 23

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### ON THE COVER



### HOT PANDA / 35

"Boys always say I'm an "interesting' drummer and "I don't mean to be insulting, but you're really good for a girl." But yes, in spite of the fact that I have a vagina, I can really lay down." —Maghan Campbell, drummer/girl

### **NEWS**



### YELLOW RIBUONS / 5

"When we first heard that Councillor Nickel was bringing a motion before city Council to have [yellow ribbon decals applied] to all city vehicles we were appalled. We think that it is absolutely inappropriate." —Doug Meggison, Edmonton Coalition Against War and Racism

### ARTS



### CANOT MOUNTAIN 7, 23

"We get a lot of snow in Montreal. These trucks clear snow and dump it in vacant lots, so there's thase cray, dirty snow-banks everywhere. I started to see in them mountains; they reminded me of the Alps. I was thinking about "moving mountains." —Catherine Bodmer, artist

### MUSIC



### BRADLEY / 41

"I've done enough stuff now for enough people that I don't have to go and pursue anything anymore. People see me play in different places and call me and ask me to do their shows." — Bradley, musician and popular dude

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# CANADA'S ORIGINAL HONEY BROWN LAGER

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# They always get their man

nvestigators have confirmed that Dennis Cheeseman and Shawn Hennessey, the brothers-in-law charged this week with four counts each of first degree murder in the deaths of four RCMP constables on a farm near Mayerthorpe in March of 2005, did not fire the bullets that killed the Constable Anthony Gordon, Constable Leo Johnston, Constable Brock Myrol and Constable Peter Schiemann. Nor were they present-or, in all likelihood, even remotely nearby-when James Roszko shot the officers and himself dead at his farm on the morning of Mar 3.

The case against the two 20-somethings is based primarily upon phone records showing several calls placed from Roszko's cell phone to the Barrhead tire shop where Hennessey worked, as well as so-far unproven allegations that Hennessey had been selling marijuana he obtained from Roszko, a charge he denies. Presumably the police are in possession of more substantial evidence, as a couple of phone calls and a vague suggestion of a drug connection seems like a pretty flimsy pretense for a quadruple first-degree murder charge, but no matter what investigators might have on Cheeseman and Hennessey, everyone agrees that neither had anything to do with the actual murdering.

The charges are the result of a two-year, \$2 million investigation by as many as 200 officers, which is a lot of time, money and man-hours wasted if no arrests result. The senseless killing of four young, brave, well-liked Mounties is shocking, angering and galvanizing to both the membership of the RCMP and the public at large, and the pressure on the force to make headway in the case, both internal and external, has likely been overwhelming.

Hennessey and Cheeseman certainly had contact with Roszko leading up to the massacre. They may have been his friends (though the vehemently deny this) and were probably involved at some level in participating in at least some kind of illegal activity with the killer. They may well deserve to be charged with crimes in light of their involvement. But unless they killed the Mounties (which they didn't) or knowingly helped Roszko orchestrate the killing of the Mounties (which seems dubious at best), branding these two young men as cop killers and charging them each with four counts of the most serious of offenses can't help but feel less like justice and more like the meting out of grossly misplaced vengeance. Hopefully the RCMP has evidence disputing this analysis, but if they do, no one but them has seen it so far. w

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# **EIFTIERS**

## BIG DRUG COMPANIES ARE THE ONES STRUGGLING WITH REFFER MADNESS

When I read the recent health column about Grant Krieger ("MS sufferers are still enduring reefer madness," Well Well Well, June 28 - July 4) I was thankful not to see the reefer madness nonsense that is still being published all to often.

Sadly our government refuses to follow their own expert drug studies.

I believe as many do that you hit the nail on the head with pharmaceutical companies. If quality clean cannabis was easily available to the estimated one million people that can benefit from it, pharmaceutical companies know full well they would take a hit in profits. The decline in profits would continue as people would find out cannabis worked better and did not have the nasty side effects.

I was damaged by pharmaceutical drug side effects-they almost killed me. I am now disabled and have to live on a government pension. I have consumed cannabis for over 30 years and in that time I was always employed, paid taxes and contributed to society. A few years of pharmaceutical drugs and I now have to live off the tax payer

FOUNDER, CALGARY 420 CANNABIS COMMUNITY

### BAD SONGWRITER'S EGO BRUISED

Regarding your review of my album ("Sirens, Look Up," New Sounds, June 21 - June 27), that you dislike the songwriting is neither here nor there. I dislike lots of things

Clearly you didn't actually listen to the songs. Out of 11 on the CD, only four are, in your words, "blah blah blah broken heart blah blah." That leaves seven songs that are about positive things. No surprises that I'm aware of. Thank God at least I can sing and that you're not deaf.

DOWNA CREIGHTON, SHOWS

### **EXECUTAN'S EGO BRUISED**

As a dietitian and nutrition columnist, childhood nutrition is a subject that I have often covered. I am flattered that. in her recent column ("Trust us, we're experts," Well Well, Jul 5 - Jul 11), Connie Howard found the studies I referenced in my column to be useful in making her point about kids' diets. But ! must ask, did she research any studies on her own or simply rely on my writing? I ask this as it appears that she is misinformed about the origins of arthritis in young adults when she links it to diet. The inflammatory process I refer to is associated with the origins of artery disease and in this age group is not the same type of inflammation associated with joints.

I must also take exception to her attack on my philosophy of promoting healthy eating in children. "The biggest surprise in all this, though, was a com-ment by dietician and National Post columnist Rosie Schwartz, who said that none of this means we should ban these foods from kids' diets. Really, Rosie? I wonder if she'd still be saying that if one of her children developed diabetes or arthritis by age 20. I wish more than anything, now, that I'd been more of a stickler about full-meal-deal chicken fingers regularly going into lit-

As a parent and an expert in the field, I, unlike Connie Howard, have no regrets about the process I used in teaching my kids about food. My daughters, who are now adults with amazing healthy eating and lifestyle habits and a passion for wonderful food, were at a much higher risk for diabetes and obesity due to family history. But I knew, as a parent, that banishing certain foods would simply turn them into forbidden fruits, making them even more appealing. And teaching them to navigate the potential nutritional perils of the outside world, I felt, was part of my parental responsibility. After all, kids do grow up and venture forth outside their own kitchens.

Instead of banishing foods, we provided healthy options, putting the focus on what should be eaten-not what should be banned. As parents, we were

CONTINUES ON PAGE 9

# Edmonton decides to tie a yellow ribbon 'round the ole ambulance

# CITY ADDS 'SUPPORT OUR TROOPS' DECALS TO ITS VEHICLES

CHRIS SALTEL / saltel@vueweekly.com

rixty-six. The average Canadian will probably think of Montreal-born hockey legend Mario Lemieux before realizing that Super Mario shares the back of his iersey with the current death-toll of Canadian soldiers in Afghanistan

Public opinion on the topic is complicated-it seems as if finding a Canadian who does not feel empathy towards troops stationed overseas would be as difficult as finding one who actually supports the mission in Afghanistan-and now Edmonton's municipal government is wading into the contentious

The City of Edmonton has decided to place magnetic yellow "Support Our Troops" ribbons on city vehicles service vehicles. The move is part of a growing campaign amongst Canadian cities to place the decals on municipally owned vehicles

sial in Toronto, where Mayor David Miller wishes to have the decals (which were added to approximately 170 fire trucks and 175 ambulances over a year ago) removed in September. Despite suspicions that public complaints claiming the decals indicate support for the controversial war are responsible for the ribbons' removal, the Mayor counters that the decals were only originally intended to stay on the vehicles for a year. Some councillors in Toronto are trying to keep the decals on

place the yellow ribbons on city vehicles has had strong support from Ward 5 Councillor Mike Nickel. The plan has met with strong opposition from anti-war groups like the Edmonton Coalition Against War and Racism

"When we first heard that Councillor Nickel was bringing a motion before city Council to have this done to all city vehicles we were appalled," said ECAWAR spokesperson Doug Meggison. "We think that it is absolutely inappropriate."

Councillor Nickel says he can't understand what all the fuss is over. "We are a military town," he said "We show support for our neighbours, families and the troops."

The Councillor noted that Canada has troops placed all over the planet, not just in Afghanistan. "If you are against the war in Afghanistan bring that to the federal ballot box."

# **EMUNICIPA**

Another opponent of the yellow ribbon campaign is local peace activist Patricia Hartnagel. Hartnagel sent an email to Councillor Nickel and had it forwarded to the Mayor "The ribbons and slogan are not support for or against Canada's role in Afghanistan," the Councillor assured, "but rather show support for the men and women of Canada's Armed Forces." He also commented in his reply that he believes the city should take an active role supporting soldiers abroad and their fami-

WITH ALL THE DEBATE regarding whether the ribbons are necessary or even appropriate, it is interesting low ribbon began as vaguely and as contentiously as the issue at hand.

grew out of an American song called Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'Round the Ole Oak Tree" performed by Tony Orlansong became a heroic theme when 52 hostages were released after 444 days of captivity during the Iranian Hostage Crisis. The song was actually written about a prisoner who told his sweetheart that while he was in tie a yellow ribbon around the single oak tree in the city square. As the city square, he was relieved to see the ribbon tied around the tree. A pair of song writers got hold of the heart-wrenching story, and what was originally about a prisoner's return home was soon an anthem

"I don't see why it's so complicated," said Councillor Nickel. He argued municipalities should not involve themselves with opinions on the Afghan campaign, and that opposing interest groups are active within the wrong level of government. "They're projecting another agenda

for this, but that needs to be Doug Meggison made

ECAWAR's position on the mission in Afghanistan clear. "We think that the troops should be withdrawn immediately," he insisted. "But as far as the yellow ribbon campaign goes, we think that it will fade away, such as the mission

# BRYAN BIRTLES / bryan@vueweekly.com Tith the recent closure of

venerable music-centric bars like the Urban Lounge and the Sidetrack, not to mention the disappearance of Little Italy-area allages venue the Studio, the impending loss of east downtown live music club kHz comes as another major blow to an Edmonton music scene known for its high quality of talent, but becoming increasingly known for its lack of space to see such talent.

Future uncertain for

another inner-city venue

Though there is still some question as to whether it will shut down

for good or not, there will definitely be some changes at kHz, resulting in less shows being held there.

"KHz started as an idea and nothing more," explained owner and operator Cameron Sound. "The space was made available to me by Rob Clark, the owner of Treehouse Records (which is situated upstairs from kHz]. Rob wanted it to be a recording studio but I didn't have the money to revamp the whole building so I said 'why don't we just turn it into a club type space?"

KHz first opened in November of 2006 on 97th Street just north of 102A Avenue in a basement space that previously housed the Sharktank, an all-ages punk club known for its rowdy clientele. What Sound hoped to do with the space was to create an atmosphere that was welcoming to all genres of music, but that didn't include the headaches that can come along with owning a bar.

"The intent was just to open the floodgates to Edmonton's promoters and bands and say if you're sick and tired of trying to deal with bars and halls, deai with me-I'm kind of like a hall and a bar but neither," he said. "The focus was more on the individual-I'll talk to you like a human being, I'm not going to talk to you like a big bar owner."

PROBLEMS BEGAN TO creep up, however, and Sound's utopian vision of scene members working together didn't come to pass. After some incidents of showgoers crawling on the roof and spray painting the neighbouring Church of Scientology as well as breaking bottles in the alley behind the building, a member of the

church lodged a complaint with the city, leading to legal problems for the club and its probable closure

"The problem is that people still think kHz is the Sharktank and it's not," Sound said. "The crawling on the roof thing is what got the Church. of Scientology on me. Most of the Scientologists that I've talked to are really decent people but there s someone over there-and I'm not going to name names-that really has it out for us. I've been trang to open up a dialogue with this church because they're our next-door neighbour and any neighbour would complain under these circumstances

Ryan Rathjen is promotions marager for Dead Fish Krew Productions a local promoter that used the space often and owns kHz's PA syster and he thinks the loss of the space wall not only affect the Edmonton music scene scene adversely but will also have negative effects on the inner city neighbourhood in which it is located

"It's a blow to the scene when a place is just starting to get going and people have an opportunity to do stuff there as a cheaper, smaller place to rent-it sucks because Edmonton needs more places like that ' said Rathjen. "If anything, that area of town needs something like [kHz] that's positive. Sure, kids were getting on the roof, but I don't know if that's worse than people killing each other or having drug deals in the back alley. I think it'd be better to have a bit of a mess than have crime

### FOR NOW THE VENUE'S future remains uncertain

"Until this legal stuff gets sorted out, I've had to stop taking bookings from the public," explained Sound 'I'm booked up until mid-August and I'm going to do my best to make sure those shows happen."

Ultimately, Sound says he'd like to open up a new space. But he said there seem to be a multitude of different forces keeping new venues from flourishing in Edmonton.

"I just see people working against each other rather than working together. I've been warned by bar owners about competition with kHz and sort of 'be careful if you start drawing too many people, something might happen.' I mean, is Edmonton that dog eat dog?" he wondered "There's definitely no one problem in terms of why there's no venues in Edmonton. We're all to blame." V



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## CANADIAN LIVER **FOUNDATION**



## FONDATION CANADIENNE **DU FOIE**

# July Newsletter

VUEWEEKLY

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# Body Art and Your Liver

Thinking about getting a tattoo or body piercing? Learning a little about liver health beforehand can help you avoid exposure to potentially life-threatening liver diseases that can result from cross-contamination during such procedures.

Like HIV, both hepatitis B and C can be spread by direct contact with the blood of an infected person. Hepatitis B can be prevented by vaccine, but there is Because piercing and tattoo equipment/inks come into contact with blood, and since there's no way to know whether the person ahead of you was infected. it is crucial to ensure your tattoo/piercing artist takes the proper infection control precau

To make sure your body art is the only thing you walk away with, here are a few simple steps you

Ask your tattoo/piercing artist about his/her knowledge of hepatitis and artist wears latex gloves, works on a covered surface, and uses single-use time. Make sure the studio is clean dio uses an autoclave machine and whether it is regularly serviced (only an autoclave will kill the virus tant to ensure your artist uses one

Body art shouldn't be a life or death decision - take the time to ensure that your tattoo or piercing is the only permanent 'mark



# 2nd Annual Stroll for Liver

What an amazing day Saturday June 2nd turned out to be. We had a beautiful warm and sunny day; a wonderful group of dedicated Strollers come out to Emily Murphy Park in support of the Canadian Liver Foundation and we raised a whopping \$18,000.

This is the 2nd annual Stroll for Liver, so to give you an idea of just how great Edmontonians really are Participation was up by over 300%.

Fundraising was up by over 300%

The average raised by each participant around \$290.

We had a number of great prizes:

- Top Fundraising; winner of a Sony RDVD Timothy
- Yeung raising over \$6,400
- Early bird-winner of an Apple Nano Elizabeth Lane

- Winner of a Westin Hotel 2 night stay with brunch —
- Winner of a Total Luxury Spa package front MC College — Barb Erickson

• Winner of a Global sleeping bag — Alisa Bhimraj

It is also with great honour that we thank Lynda Steele from Global Television for once again being our honourary chair and for putting together an amazing team

For more information on the Stroll for Liver, check out the newsletter, ambassador bio and more at http://www.liver.ca/CLF\_Locations/Alberta\_and\_NWT\_-



VUEWEEKLY



# Choosing body art shouldn't be a life or death decision.

Tattoos and body piercing can put you at risk for contracting hepatitis C or hepatitis B. Both are serious liver diseases that can be spread through improperly sterilized tattooing or plercing equipmentor through

To find out how you can protect yourself, talk to your doctor or

Please live responsibly.

For more information on liver health, ase call (780) 444-1547 or visit www.liver.ca

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### COMMUNITY PARTNERS WANTED!

We are looking for businesses who are interested in becoming one of our community partners. Opportunities exist for event sponsorships, educational partners, program supporters and much more.

Please call Carmen Boyko at 780-444-1547 for more information or to set up a meeting to discuss your ideas and the options available.



# Playgroup

The families of children with billary atresia have put together a playgroup; a time for parents to come together giving each other support and a chance to share experiences, while the children play together in a safe environment. This group is open to all families with children suffering from any form of liver disease or how have had a liver transplant.

If you or someone you know would be interested in joining this group, please call Melissa at the Canadian Liver Foundation or

444-1547. To support this group with a donation, please call Carmen at the same number.

Biliary atresia is a childhood liver disease, affecting several families at the Stollery Children's Hospital. The cause of biliary atresia is unknown, and it is not contagious. The disease begins in early infancy, causing damage to the liver due to the destruction of ducts which carry bile from the liver to the small intestine.

For more information on all liver diseases, please visit www.liver.ca

# The Hepatitis C Experience.

In the world of liver health, I believe I am both the best and worst case scenario. I became very sick with a virus, where my only chance of recovery would be a liver transplant. My health deteriorated, and the options were limited. Over time, I learned more about the liver than I ever thought I would. I knew that my liver could no longer perform the hundreds of functions it performs every day to keep us energized and healthy.

In 1978 1 was involved in an accident and my spleen was removed during surgery that required a blood transfusion. In 1995 I was told that I had hepatitis C.1 didn't really feel sick and I found out that I had gotten the infection purely by chance, during a routine blood test. I didn't know anything about hepatitis C, so I continued my life as usual -1 did-n't make any changes. One year later, I became very sick but I didn't attribute the vague warning signs to this disease. I soon became so sick and fatigued that I could no longer work, and it wasn't until then that I began to learn about liver health. I now know that hepatitis C is caused by a virus that attacks the liver, a resilient and forgiving organ that can regenerate after it's been damaged, to a certain degree. Unfortunately, by this time my liver had already been damaged beyond the point of repair.

I was in the emergency ward waiting to be admitted due to another bout of encephalopathy, when I found out that a potential liver had become available. I made a promise to honor my donor every day by living a good life

Hepatitis C has now spread to my new liver. This was not a complete surprise as I'd been warned that this could happen. Now I am able to choose to live my life in a way that keeps my new liver as healthy as possible. Diet and exercise are the most important lifestyle choices for me to make that help ensure liver health.

I am a very lucky man

The hepatitis C virus isn't always a fatal infection when diagnosed, and treated or managed in a timely manner. Hepatitis can affect anyone

- Brian

### **Edmonton Chapter Ambassador**

Meet Adash Shimraj, Ambassador for the Edmonton Chapter of the Canadian Liver Foundation's

Adesh will be 2 years old in July. When Adesh was born he seemet like a healthy baby, but when they noticed his eyes, they were always yellow. They also noticed that his urine was dark and his belly enlarged. Adesh was diagnosed with a rare condition, Bil-ary Atresia, in which the bile duct outside the liver is blocked.

The bile duct carries bile from the liver to the small intestine. Bile is produced by the liver and stored in the gall bladder. It flows through the bile duct to the small intestine, where it aids in digesting and absorbing dietary fats and fat-soluble vitamins. Blockage or damage to the bile duct means bile is trapped inside the liver, accumulating and causing damage to the organ.

with this diagnosis, doctors told in mother he would need a liver transplant. "When I heard that, it was like, everything just fell apart". Says Nanda, Adesh's morn. At the age of seven months, Adesh had his first liver transplant. "His old liver was so swollen it was bigger than his head", said Nanda. Unfortunately, it failed and less than a



week later, he was fortunate enough to receive a second transplant. Now, after nine surgeries to correct his condition and related problems, Adesh is doing very well.

Nanada shared that Adesh's brother, (name) is eight years older but the two boys are best friend. When Adesh was in the hospital, nobody could make him laugh but his big brother, he would come through the door and Ahesh would smile and start to laugh.

"There are so many kids out there that have got a liver disease, and there is not a cure for them. So we hope that by doing this, people know what to look for and other families won't have to go through what we went hough."



After a bit of sightseeing participants will have the adventure of a lifetime with an early evening wheevater cafful

Call Carmen to register and reserve your spot. Raise a minimum of \$1,500 to secure your seat on our luxury motor coech With Jalia 55-seats available, you'r wool to get involved with this event as quickly as possible!

Carmen at 444-1547 or email cb.liver@shaw.ca

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any information from the local chapter on upcoming events and opportunities, please check this box. Thank you

# How long will Middle East turmoil last?

# DYER STRAIGHT

Israeli historian Benny Morris is famous in his country for reopening the forgothen history of the expulsion of the Palestinians during the 1948 "war of independence" and deconstructing the Israeli myth that they freely chose to abandon their homes. By five years ago, however, he had lost faith in a lasting peace between Israelis and Palestinipeace between Israelis and Palestinip

ans and was openly saying that everybody would have been better off in the long run if one side or the other had won a decisive victory in

If Israel had conquered all of Palestine and expelled all the Palestinians in 1948, Morris wrote, "today's Middie East would be a healthier, less violent place, with a Jewish state between Jordan and the Mediterranean and a Palestinian Arab state in Transjordan. Alternatively, Arab success in the 1948 war, with the Jews driven into the sea, would have obtained the same, historiit was the very indecisiveness of the geographical and sisting tragedy of Palestine."

Well, of course, but most course may an indecisive the many know education people in the Modia Sast Morres of the Modia Modia

er still. Beyond forecasts of civil war in Iran however, there has been little effort to discern what the Middle East will actually look like after the US tropps on home

There is already a civil war in Iraq, and it might even get worse for a time after American troops leave, but these things always sputter out in the end. There will still be an Iraqi state, plus or minus Kurdistan, and regardless of whether or not the central government in Baghdad exercises real control over the Sunni-majority areas between Baghdad, Mosul and the Syrab horder.

The Sunni Arab parts of Iraq have been turned into a training ground for Islamist extremists from all parts of the Arab world by the American invasion

Once the American troops are gone, however, the action will soon move elsewhere, for the US defeat in Iraq has dramatically raised the prestige of Islamist revolutionaries throughout the Arab world and beyond.

It's not possible to predict which Arab states will fall under Islamist control, and they certainly aren't all going to: the pipe-dream of a world-spanning Islamic empire remains precisely that. But it will be astonishing if one or more of the existing Arab regimes does not fall to an Islamist revolution in the next

two decades of its existence, Israel was a state under siege. For the past 40 years, since the conquests of 1967, it has had the luxury of debating with itself how much of those conquered lands it should return to the Arabs in return for a permanent peace settlement. (The answer was always "all of them," but that was not an answer many Israelis would hear.)

Now the window is closing. Before long, some of the Arab states Israel needs to make peace with are likely to fall to Islamist regimes that have an



few years

FOR THE CITIZENS OF THE country or countries in question, that is potentially quite a big problem. But for people living outside the Middle East, it would probably make little difference

Islamist-ruled states are not the same as bands of freelance fanatics. If they have oil to export they will go on exporting it, because no major oil producer can now do without the income that those exports provide; they need it to feed their people. And they would have little incentive to sponsor termist attacks outside the region, for they would have fixed addresses and inter-

For Israel, however, the situation has changed fundamentally. For the first

ideological commitment to its destruction. (Hamas's capture of the Gaza Strip is a foretaste of what is to come.) Israelis trying to evade hard choices have long complained that they had "nobody to negotiate with." It is about

Israel faces another generation of confrontation and quite possibly of war, and the Palestinians face another generation of military occupation. Significant chunks of the Arab world face Islamist revolutions that would bring more poverty and a new kind of oppression. It is a mess, and it's too late to fix it. w

Gwynne Dyer is a London-based independent journalist whose articles are published in 45 countries. His column appears regularly in Vue Weekly.

# Who is the real Sicko?

# WELL, WELL, WELL

Between Michael Moore and Dr Brian Day—the incoming president of the Canadian Medical Association who is in favour of adding private, for-profit care options to our current system—I imagine Canadians will be having some interesting conversations around health care in the near future.

Critics have attacked Sicko, Moore's new film about health care in the US, for presenting an incomplete picture, claiming Moore has taken extreme and rare examples of the cracks in the American for-profit insurance system and minimized problems with public systems elsewhere.

The fact that nearly 50 million Americans are without medical coverage isn't the main point of the movie, but it is the one Moore's attackers are pouncing upon. Most of these 50 million could afford coverage, they say, or are eligible for low-income health programs, but don't bother to avail themselves. It has been estimated that only about eight million Americans are actually ineligible for rowerage. Only eight million—no biggie:

Besides, average health insurance premiums for a family of four are higher than the annual gross income for a full-time minimum-wage worker in the US, which says more than a little about the strain a for-profit system puts on working families who do find ways to manane insurance premiums.

But Sicko isn't even about the uninsured, whether eight or 50 million. It's about those who want insurance but are denied due to a very long list of preexisting conditions and those who are insured but are in the end denied medical procedures for thin reasons. And it's about the character of for-profit organizations determining our health care, about a society complacent enough to look the other way when its sick and vulnerable are denied care.

A for-profit system may provide the best care for those who can buy the best insurance, but it provides the worst possible care for those without financial means. We have wait times in Canada, true, but they exist mostly for non-critical services. Care for the critically ill in the emergency room, whether waithy case is fin my expensived still timely.

And besides, don't we all understand—and teach our children—that waiting and prioritizing is part of sharing limited resources? The other option that is, making fast and excellent service available to those who can pay—can create eternal wait times and some-

times permanent partings for others.

BACK TO THE RESPONSIBLE, privileged and insured Americans. More than half of Americans have medical debt problems—including those who had insurance when they became ill. They'll find a way to pay it off, right? Kind of like we all find ways to pay off our car debt?

Not exactly. Over half of personal bankruptcies in the US are caused by medical debt, and these are average people—40-year-olds with children, homeowners, middle or working class people, 75 per cent of whom had health insurance at the onset of their illnesses.

Besteides not being very inclusive, the system that boasts more CT scanners and other high tech diagnostic and treatment options per capita than ours also has the highest price tag. Per capita health care costs in the States are double or more those in Canada, Germany, Britain, France, Sweden, Australia, New Zealand and others with universal health care systems. At 16 per cent of the GDP

A for-profit system may provide the best care for those who can buy the best insurance, but it provides the worst possible care for those without financial means.

and rising, the US has the most expensive system in the world, providing cutting-edge technology and the best care for the wealthiest—but little or nothing for the poor. The US ranks 44th in the world in infant mortality—a statistic that is, granted, skewed toward the poor, but the poor want their babies to live too (And it's not only the babies of the poor that die—infant mortality among the wealthiest Americans is higher than among the poorest Canadians.)

The truth is simple: destroying public health care in Canada would create profits for some, top-notch services for the wealthy and very little for the rest of us. And it will drive already almost-unsustainable health care spending higher yet.

If we are going to spend more, it would make sense to invest in proven, and safe alternative approaches that actually prevent serious illness. Not at all good sense to those wanting to profit from illness, but good sense for our health and happiness. •



NEWS



# Let the sun shine in are edmonton's summer festivals still relevant in the myspace age?

NIALL McKENNA / nistl@vneweekly.com

There's something supremely ironic about getting an invitation to an outdoor music festival on Facebook. After all, it's this kind of pseudo human interaction that these gathenings are trying to combat, but it was thanks to the omnigresent social networking site that I found myself attending North Country Fair, the first big event of Edmonton's touted "festival season" (read summer) late last month.

North Country Fair is one of Canada's most enduring and beloved grassroots music fests. Started by a group of so-called "hippies" in 1978, the Fair became legit after these "back-to-the-land" types decided to start charging money to help fund a private school for their kids.

Three decades later, many of the founders still organize it and are stead-fast at continuing to hold it near the solstice, which makes it one of the earliest Canadian festivals of the summer.

There's no doubt winter's frigid grip makes any outdoor interaction a must this time of year. It was pure joy at North Country, where making friends with random passersby is not only acceptable, but encouraged.

With the rise of online social networking, personal music players and other tools of the private sphere, the need for physical human contact is more urgent than ever

ONE OF THE REASONS the North Country Fair brethren continue to organize the festival, which included buying of six square kilometres of land for the purpose, is to give aspiring musicians sortly needed experience playing live. Edmonton resi-

### ROSIE SCHWARTZ, REGISTERED DIETICIAN

Vue Weekly welcomes reader response, whether critical or complimentary. Send your opinion by mail Nue Weekly, 1033 - 108th Street, Edmonton AB 175J 1L7), by fax (780.426.2889) or by e-mail (letters@vueweekly.com). Preference is given to feedback about articles published in Yue Weekly. We reserve the

# FESTIVALS

dents who've seen the death of several venues, including the prolific Sidetrack Café, know well that finding places for live music is becoming a challenge for both fan and artist.

"It's hard for a lot of bands to get that experience," North Country Fair's artistic director Carol Weatherall told me on the rain-spaked final day of the fair.

Even without music, the grassroots testival is a marvelous panacea to the continuing loss of public spaces. The squeezing of human populations into suburbanized, low-density cities designed around the automobile have slowly eroded urban diversity over decades. Add to this government spying on public gatherings, including the Alberta government, which recently hired a private investigator to monitor a group of citizens who banded together over concerns about a controversial power line project to pass near fled Deer.

Some people thought the creation of the Internet would actually bring back public spaces and free speech. But with companies like Google and Facebook selling our personal information to the highest bidder (check the Terms of Service on those sites), this has not been the case.

So it's little wonder that we flee to the forests, rivers and campsites for unobstructed, fancy-free human contact. For a few months, we can escape the icy clutches of both winter and the needless mivalization of our lives.

Let's hope our summers stay like that. v







# Steady Eddie lassoes votes at the Stampede

ROSS MOROZ / ross@vueweeklv.com

After narrowly dodging a pie to the face on the opening day of the Calgary Stampede. Alberta Premier Ed Stelmach spent the rest of his week in Cowtown tossing around government dough.

Stelmach made three big spending announcements in as many days

# **PROVINCIAL**

early this week in Calgary, worth a total of about \$280 million. The biggest chunk of cash—approximately \$260 million—went to the University of Calgary, where it will fund a new "Institute for Sustainable Energy, Environment and Economy" and create spaces for 1000 more students. Also announced was \$5 million towards Calgary's Meals on wheels program and \$15 million to Wheels program and \$15 million to

upgrade Stampede Park, although the latter was money previously committed by former Premier Ralph

THE SPENDING SPREE comes on the heels of a June poll showing Stelmach's Progressive Conservative government's popularity continuing to plummet, especially in the former Tory stronghold of Calgary, where support for the government has fallen to 34 per cent. The Tories are also recelling from the recent loss of Klein's Calgary-Elbow seat. Liberal Craig Cheffins won a Jun 12 byelection in the former Premier's riding, which had been held by the Conservatives for the last 36 years, leading to increasing speculation that the party is losing ground in the province's largest rifiv

province's largest city.

Under questioning from reporters,
Stelmach admitted the outcouring of



cash is at least partially relate to his party's falling popularity among Calgarians. "I read the paper, watched the news," he said, while Calgary-Varsity MLA Harry Chase told the Calgary Herald he believes the Tones are in "panic mode" and accused the party of attempting "to buy their way back to popularity." w

the gatekeepers of teaching our kids the pleasure of healthy eating. Every other loaf of bread was whole grain, sometimes to our daughters' displeasure. They now prefer whole grains. Skipping breakfast was not an option. Teaching them to cook and grow food was a positive way that helped us to avoid the "full-meal-deal chicken fingers" that seemed so

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

NEWS

# 07-10-2007 – The morning after the week (or so) before



Early Tuesday morning, sunshine just managing to commande its way through the windowsill jungle of a dozen inherited houseplants, and I've just had a little contract negotiation with my body. My central demand: basic functionality. My body's requirement: spinach, and plenty of it. Go too long without making your rutritional payroll, and you end up with your Organ Steward in your office, chin out and fists on hips, saying "Me and the boys on the floor had a vote, see...."

Interesting that I should come up with a labor metaphor this morning, seeing as how this whole run began with me quitting my job. After a long autumn, longer winter and surprisingly brief spring of punching the clock in the fluorescent maze of the Fattening Pens, I shook

hands with The Man a couple of weeks ago and returned to freelance work, preferring the nall-bitting, benefitless gigscamble to forty weekly hours of air conditioning, office banter and bottomless company coffee.

And while basic environmental unsuitability drove me from the office, my timing was decided by my friends' wedding.

From somewhere around early March to right about now, about half of the popular datastream is dedicated to wedding miscellanea. Beach weddings, mountain weddings, scuba weddings and wedding fads like this year's "Trash the Dross"—making the moneyburning ritual of Western weddings even more of a sacrificial potlatch of conspicuous wealth-destruction—jostle with menu, centerpiece, music, tableware and shower suggestions (read: advertisements). Advice columns flood with feud-fueled invitation dilemmas, "bridezilla" (upl) horor stories and hand-flapping over how to handle

transsexual maids of honor. Elopement looks better with every flip of a page.

MY FRIENGS, THOUGH, figured out the real alternative: strip out nearly every wedding trapping that's ever annoyed, appalled or bored: fussy centerpieces; earnest, half-drunk, double-long speaches; dire little community halls festooned with futile bunting; hypocritical religious hooji-booji for the sake of stale tradition; hours-long photo sessions in "picturesque" locations overrun with other parties and other rented McLimos; the Macarena. What they were left with was the two things that matter: a meaningful, moving public declaration of intent and commitment, and a fucking wicked party.

Three or four of them, actually, each one an even more spectacular reunion and celebration than the last; my buddy's not the kind of guy who's going to take the mightiest party-passport our culture offers and waste it on a single night of

DJed demi-debauchery over rented linens, and his lady's not the kind of girl who'd demand or even accept that. So, from the yard-crowding coed "stag" that ended with a sunrise paddywagon (nobody got hauled off; it was all Good Cops) through the goosebump-inducing garden ceremony and the reception afterward in the Jabba's Palace ambience of Kasbar on Whyte, and on out past 80nnyville for a three-day camping music festival, it was all joy, all fun.

tival, it was all joy, all fun.

Oh, lord, the camping festival. People, this is the recipe for the party of a lifetime. A friend's half-section of farmland, a wicked stage supported by the crushed hulk of an old AMC Ambassador, a few porta-potties, a nonstop hotdog grill, an absolutely thirst-proof supply of kegs and a semi-viral invitation strategy that fills the land with two hundred of your international nearest and dearest. Add three awesome friendly bands, a trunkful of fireworks, a ten-foot bonfire meant to

suggest if not completely recreate Darth Vader's pyre at the end of Jedi and a bunch of dancing children. Mix well with mushrooms and serve.

Not everyone can make something like this happen, and aimost nobody ought to try, but every couple developing a wedding should consider my friends' lesson on what's most important: friends, family, fun. Each floral arrangement unpurchased means maybe ten more cousins or friends make the cut, and you'll care about those people longer than anybody'll give a shit about how nice the flowers looked. Each limo unrented buys another keg; the sam-artist photographer rates and DJ fees together pay two awesome local bands. If the word "party" was ever anything other than an empty, ironic interjection to you and your mate, you owe it to yourselves to do the right thing.

Congratulations, Fish and Dara; you're

Congratulations, Fish and Dara; you're an example to the world. May you party together forever. •





# Putting the C back in CBC

IAN MORRISON / friends.co

Knowiton Nash, the venerable former anchor of CBC's The National, tecently wrote that CBC "is now confronting the biggest crisis it has ever faced" and that it is "under assault" from a variety of sources.

Considering what's on CBC Radio and TV today, these alarming statements ring absolutely true.

CBC English TV is airing more foreign shows during prime time than ever. As a consequence, it is becoming increasingly difficult to differentiate CBC English TV from its competitors in the private sector. Meanwhile, CBC Radio's pursuit of a younger audience is driving changes to its schedule that many listeners find objectionable.

Why is this happening? Nash cites several reasons. Chief among them are a hostile government and politicians of all stripes who are, at best, indifferent to CBC. Successive governments have staved our national broadcaster of the financial resources it needs to live up to its mandate to the citizens of Canada. This has forced CBC to chase advertising rather than informing and entertaining Canadians, and to centralize operations to the point where some call it a Toronto Broadcasting Corporation.

Broadcasting Corporation.
Every Prime Minister in recent memory has hobbled CBC's ability to serve Canadians effectively by continuing to fill its Board with part orange appointments and maintaining to a batton of CBC President as a Prime Ministerial

According to Nash, part of the blame also lies with CBC management that does not understand the purpose of public broadcasting. In our view, it's worse than that. CBC's current president is a Jean Chrétien appointment with no previous broadcasting experience in programming, marketing or scheduling. As a result, popular TV programs have been

cancelled, fewer Canadian programs are being presented in prime time and the CBC has failed to produce programs locally to serve communities across the land. This despite the Broadcasting Act's instruction to "reflect Canada and its regions to national and regional audiences, while serving the special needs of those regions".

**NOTWITHSTANDING THESE** setbacks most Canadians tune in to the radio or television service weekly. But it's clear that reforms to CBC are needed, Ottawa must end patronage appointments to CBC's Board of Directors, and the reformed Board must have the power to hire and fire its President. We must then insist that the CBC reflect Canada and its regions to national and regional audiences, wean itself from dependence on of Canadian stories in prime time. In return, the government should offer to increase CBC's budget progressively by annual increments of at least \$100 million over the next five years.

The ultimate question, then, is if the CBC is worth what it costs.

This rescue plan for CBC would cost Canadians only 15 cents a day by 2012. The alternative is to save the money, relax and succumb to the lure of the mostly American shows that private broadcasters offer in prime time.

As Knowlton Nash so eloquently states: "Culture defines a nation and a country that does not respect its own culture is a country that is for sale."

lan Morrison is spokesperson for Friends of Canadian Broadcasting, an independent, Canada-wide, non-partisan voluntary organization monitoring Canadian media.









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# Wake up to the inland 'surf' experience

COLIN WISEMAN / colinw@vueweekly.com

The first time I went wakesurfing the premise seemed pretty simple: we were out on the ocean wakeboarding and thought it would be fun to try getting towed on a frend's yellowing, hand-me-down surfboard. Being towed through jeltyfish and kelp and trying to make little turns across the barely visible wake of a 14-foot aluminum boat was good for a laugh, but it was a one-time event. The next day the focus shifted back to wakeboarding and watersking.

That was seven years ago; fast forward to summer 2007, and the popularity of wakesurfing is growing rapidly in places like **Kelowna**, BC, far from the ocean.

"Wakesurfing is catching on huge in Kelowna" says Sarah Johnson, head of RadGalz Wake School (radgalz.com), which offers wake surf lessons. "It's so easy to teach that anyone can learn: you don't need any background in board sports."

Wakesurfing hardly resembles the wakeboarding that takes place on beaches world-

# 鬱KELOWNA

wide; instead, it's a hybrid between surfing and wakeboarding. Like wakeboarding, the boat tows you to start with, but once you're up, you let the rope slack and rely on the momentum of the boat's wake. The sport even has its own specialized "surf boards" comprised of short, thin fiberglass decks adorned tip to tail with rubberized grip for strap-free surfing and one or two inch-long fins.

After meeting Johnson and RadGalz instructor Laura Struick at the Eldorado Hotel's dock on Lakeshore Drive, I found myself in a bright yellow boat with three young, tanned, blonde women. An eight-speaker stereo pumped dance music as we sped out to find some calm water in one of the many bays lining Okanagan Mountain Park, With the wind in my hair I felt like David

NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY AND PARTY.



# Biking for survival on the World's Most Dangerous Road

ROCHELLE PAULS / rechelle@voeweekly.com

athered in a semicircle atop an Andean mountain pass, we gale-force gusts of winds while passing around a plastic bottle filled with strong Bolivian alcohol. We each poured a little on the front tire of our mountain bikes and took a swig from the bottle in an attempt to placate Pachamama, the Andean "Mother Earth."

"Don't worry," said Alistair, our guide, "we'll take care of you. The bikes are difficult to replace."

Not a terribly comforting thought, especially considering that the road we were about to bike down had earned the moniker of the "world's most dangerous road" by the Inter-American Development Bank in 1995. At its worst, between 200 and 300 people are estimated to have died every year in accidents along this narrow strip of gravel that leaves La Paz, Bolivia and climbs to the pass of La Cumbre before dropping over 3600 metres to the town of Coroico in the country's tropical Yungas region.

Gravity Assisted Mountain Biking was the first company to run organized bike trips down the road. The tourism officials originally had a problem with Gravity marketing the trip as the World's Most Dangerous Road, thinking that it would drive away potential visitors. Apparently they didn't know a lot of mountain bikers.

STANDING AT THE TOP of the pass, I was painfully aware that I am not a mountain biker. In fact, I hadn't had a bike since I was twelve. Gravity's website states that the trip is suitable for confident beginners, but suddenly I wasn't feeling so confident

The first part of the trip was reassuring. The road here is wide, paved

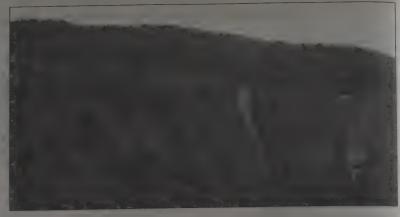
# **BOLIVIA**

and offers sweeping views across snow-capped peaks and plunging valleys. It didn't take long before I let go of my death grip on the brakes and let gravity have its way with me. I started wondering why I was worried.

I remembered not long after when the pavement ended. The road became narrow and winding; the drop-offs started to look more ominous. When we stopped, Alistair reminded us to keep the bike between the edge and us. There are no guardrails, only crosses marking the sites of past tragedies. Bolivia's worst traffic accident occurred on this road in 1983 when a bus veered off into the canyon, killing more than 100 passengers.

One roadside monument commemorates not a traffic fatality, but a political one. In 1944, the ruling party at the time realized that they were likely to lose an upcoming election and, rather than take a chance, rounded up the leaders of the five opposing parties, shot them and dropped the bodies over the edge. A monument to the "Martyrs of Democracy" marks the spot. It's crooked from being hit by vehicles trying to avoid going over the edge. We peered cautiously over the side, but the ravine was filled with mist and none of us could see the bot-

By lunchtime, the road had already dropped significantly in alltitude and the frigid winds of La Cumbre had given way to pleasant sub-tropical humidity. We shed layers and passed beneath waterfalls cascading down the side of the cliff and over the road in several places, making it even more treachers.



During a rest stop, Alistair warned us against over-confidence. He was looking right at me when he said it, but I missed the point anyway and not long after that took a corner a little too fast and found myself skidding horizontally across the road. I got back on my bike sheepishly, thanking God, Pachamama and whoever else was out there that I had bruised only my leg and my pride.

others haven't been so lucky. Alistair pointed out where an Israeli girl was killed in a mountain bike accident with another company after complaining for the first part of the trip that her brakes weren't working properly. It was a sobering reminder that the road deserves respect, and I was deeply grateful that the guides rechecked all of our brakes while we were eating lunch. While there are now many companies in La Paz who

guide trips down the road, before hurtling downhill with them it's worth thinking about where they might be cutting corners in order to provide a cheaper trip.

THE ROAD NEVER disappoints. It twists and turns continuously through constantly changing scenery for its entire 70 kilometre length. In some portions it's barely three metres wide with 600 metre free falls over the edge. For a neophyte like myself it was thrilling, and not even the most jaded rider could be bored here.

The trip ends shortly before the town of Coroico at La Senda Verde animal refuge, where we were each handed a cold beer and a "World's Most Dangerous Road" t-shirt, proof of our accomplishment.

Now that there's a new road handling most of the traffic in the area,

the road is slightly less dangerous than it used to be, but it's still not tame by any means. For us, this road is an intriguing novelty, and it's easy to forget that for many it's their link te the rest of the world. While we travel it for the adrenaline rush and brag ging rights, others do it out of necessity, and there isn't a family in the area that hasn't been touched by loss here. It's a sobering thought.

On the way back to La Paz, we gaped out the window at drop-offs we hadn't dared look at on the way down. Viewed from the window of the bus, the road seems more ominous especially since there are several places were wreckage can be seen down at the bottom. Leaving our lives in the hands of the driver, we basked in the afterglow of our collective adrenaline rush and an experience none of us will soon forget. V

# Quench the thirst, douse the burn

CMRSTOPHER THRALL / chimapher@memerathy.com
weatry? Feeling thirsty? Gonna
die? Dietitians of Canada are
worried about our fluid
intake. We produce heat when we
exercise, and if the core body temperature climbs too high, we put
ourselves at risk for heat stroke or
even death. Sweating helps cool
you, but the threat of dehydration
still looms: you can lose up to two
litres of sweat (four pounds) in just
one hour, especially outside in the
heat. Don't believe lt? Weigh yourself before and after your workout.

Drinking to replace the loss of water weight is an important part of physical activity. Dropping as little as two per cent of your weight-three pounds for a 150 lb person-can affect your performance and your health

For the amateur athlete, dropping the pop is a good start. Empty calories, artificial sweeteners and carbonation lead to fake feelings of fullness and bloating. That won't keep you on your feet for any length of time.

# **DEHYDRATION**

Before turning to bottled water, orange juice or Powerade, surprise yourself with some chocolate milk. It contains the same nutrients as white milk, yet matches the sugar content of unsweetened orange juice. Made of 87 per cent water, flavoured milk replaces lost fluid and also has the carbs and proteins that sore muscles need to recover after strenuous exercise. Just one cup of chocolate milk contains 300 mg of calcium and 90 IU of vitamin D. Remember, though: this isn't the most refreshing beverage to

ON THE OTHER HAND, sports drinks like Powerade were specially designed to nourish hardcore athetes during intense physical activity. Beyond that, they are brightly coloured, brackish fluids with very high profit margins that were designed to separate fools from their

cash. Consider these drinks only if you sweat more than a litre per hour.

If you decide to pick up a sports drink, make sure you check the label first. Look for an uncarbonated drink that lists water as its first ingredient. It should contain 300 to 700 mg of sodium per litre to recapture the salt lost in your workout, although hard-core athletes or people who are prone to cramping may want more.

Sugar will improve the drink's flavour, keep blood glucose levels from dropping and help fuel active muscle groups—30 to 60 g of carbohydrates per hour of activity will help keep you from hitting the wall. To avoid upsetting your stomach and hurting your performance, try to keep the carbo under 80 g per litre. By the way, juice, pop and Red Bull

are all way over 100 g per litre.

Try out a few drinks in training before you use one in competition. If you are concerned about choosing the right one, check in with a registered dietitian who specializes in sports nutrition.

### WAKEBOARDING

LESS CONTINUES ESTADA PROVIDENZA

Hasselhoff cruising in his Baywatch boat with a crew of hottie lifeguards, minus the pec implants and impeccable coif. We hadn't even gotten in the water yet and I

JOHNSON GOT IN the water first to give me the run down. "Basically, you just put your feet on the board and let the boat pull you up."

Sounds easy enough, right? After watching Johnson and Struik cut up the wake for several minutes it certainly looked easy; then it was my turn. Laura put the boat in gear and as soon as the rope tightened against the pull of the engine the board glued itself to my feet.

Being pulled across a lake holding onto a tow rope may not fit most people's images of surfing, but after testing the metre-long board's turning ability I felt confident enough to work up to the lip of the wake. The tow rope sagged as the wake took over, propelling me through the water.

Needless to say, it wasn't exacth the same feeling as surfing in the ocean; a boat can't duplicate the power of a ground swell that has traveled 2000 kilometres to create the Pacific Coast waves, even if it has a V8 engine and Le Tigre blasting at full volume.

It was, however, a lot of fun carving turns without being strapped in to big rubbery bindings, and working the lip of a two-foot Mastercraft swell without having to paddle or swallow any salt water. After a few wipeouts trying to kick the tail out over the lip of the wake—something I can only dream of doing on a traditional surf board—the lesson was over and it was time to head in for

Unlike the self improvement devices you see on late night infomercials—I still don't have sixminute abs—wakesurfing really is as easy as advertised. If you can't afford a trip to go surf the tropical waters of Costa Rica, it might just be worth paying a visit to Kelowna for a taste of an Okanagan surf experience all its own. W





- 1) Umbrella Rihanna
- 2) Paralyzer Finger Eleven
- 3) Buy You A Drank Shawly Shape
- 4) Crazy B\*tch Buckcherry
- 5) This Is Why I'm Hot >>> .
- 6) Don't Matter
- 7) Super Mario Bros. Super Mario Bros
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# Snow and dirt in one wild weekend

JEREMY DERKSEN / snowzone@vueweekly.com

Size is relative, the saying goes, but when it comes to mountain resorts, size is relative to

There are lots of big things happening at the biggest mountain resort in western Canada. There's big, Olympic-size construction underway—on the Sea-to-Sky highway, in town and on the hill; there are big events, like the upcoming Crankworx bike fest (Jul 21 – 29); and, most importantly, there are the big lines, big airs and big terrain. Big, big, big How big is 12 So big w.1, you can ski and bike it in the same day, and that

After checking into the Marriot Residence Inn at Whistler—with big, well appointed rooms that featured a queen bed, kitchenette and fireplace—I decided to ski first. While the bike park is open 10 am - 8 pm during peak season, the glacier is only open 10 am - 3 pm, with the last lift up from the base at 1:45pm. (You can find exact times and details on activities, events and everything else

IT WAS MID-JUNE, 20 C and I had my ski boots on. But the top of the mountain was obscured by cloud and underneath it snow was falling on cooler slopes. It took an hour to get there by two charliffs, a bus and then a final lift. The conditions were what you'd expect for spring (wet and slushy) but being on a glacier there were no rocks, stumps or bare ground charung on the pure.

Whistler's legendary terrain was reduced in size—It was June after all—but there were few riders on the hill

# WHISTLER

and what was there was more than enough for an alpine junkie to get a good fix. This included a halfpipe, a terrain park, a few cruisers and the Canadian Freestyle Team's training run, which I couldn't resist. The bumps were tight and technical, forcing me to be more disciplined than usual to stay in my line. I banged around in the moguls rediscovering my knees for a while and then headed for the ski out, which I had the luxury of enioving all to myself.

After some fast, soul-replenishing schussing, I arrived to a photo finish at the chair feeling like a star as thronging sightseers snapped cameras at me. A Brazilian guy, ectatic about the snow, scrambled uphill to pose with me before doing some snow angels. Coming down, I surveyed the construction of the new Peak to Peak Gondola. When finished in summer 2008—built for a cost of \$51 million—lit will take skiers from Blackcomb to Whistler peak in 11 minutes and it will feature the world's longest unsupported span between towers at more than three kilometres. In other words, it's gonna he big.

DOWN AT THE WHISTLER base, meanwhile, bikers in the Boneyard Slopestyle Park launched massive airs off huge dirt ramps to applause from the Garibaldi Lift Company patio. There was big-time talent out there, and it was a little intimidating at first.

I grabbed my rental bike, a full-suspension Kona, and rode off the lift onto a boggy trail, headed for the green run "EZ Does It." The run wasn't technically challenging, but I struggled starting out. Of course, it was all 
in my head; by the next run I'd conquered my initial wariness. I blasted 
through the top of the blue run "BLine," my confidence returned.

On the next lift I started up a conversation with some locals, one of whom was an artist for the bike clothing line Idun. They took me on a tour, showing me sweet spots like "Crank It Up," a winding trail filled with tables and berms. Lower down, we dipped into "Heart of Darkness." I felt like a rider of the apocalypse as the trail narrowed and darkened under deep foliage, the bends tighter at each turn. Falling below the ridgeline, the shadowy trail seemed almost like the heart of some deep, mysterious jungle. But minutes later, we emerged safely into a sunny afternoon, atop the Kona Jump Farm.

AS I CRESTED THE RISE I witnessed a legend in motion as the proprietor of a custom-made wheelchair bike ripped down to the lift. Local word is that he built his ride after suffering waist-down paralysis from a bad wipeout. But it hadn't tamed his riding at all; he was a maniac. Seeing him, I was reminded that this was a community that lived by the simple principle "ride hard or go home."

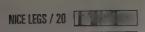
And I had ridden hard, but now it was time to head back for a soak in the Marriot's outdoor hot tub. No doubt, the biking had been the highlight, but combining snow and dirt into one big weekend adventure made my mountain experience seem bigger than life—just like Whistler. W







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# EDMONTON'S BEST ETHNIC



# Make no Missteak—it's Melissa's

KT SCATT / Iriscott@vueweekly.com

As I pulled alongside the curb on Lynx Street, I peered up into the massive face of Cascade Mountain. There was no mistaking it—I was in Banff. I took in a great lungful of fresh mountain air and sauntered over to Melissa's Missteak Restaurant.

While we enjoyed a brief mountain sojourn together, my father had suggested we dine at this local landmark. Considering its longstanding status as a social landmark in Banff, who was 1 to refuse? Melissa's Missteak is the only remaining portion of the original Homestead Hotel complex, which was built for temperance housing in 1913. Since then, thousands of locals and tourists have come here seeking sustenance, and I was caught up in the flow

Bright flower baskets and boxes accented the restaurant's mock Tudor exterior. According to a nearby historical marker, the restaurant's Tudorbethan style and rustic log interior were in keeping with the building's original design; a glance at the photo on the marker attested the same. The



FVERY DAY UNTIL 9:30 PM
MELISSA'S MISSTEAK
105 TO 2:50 TO 3:00 TO 3:00

door's Swiss-tooking cowbell announced our party's entrance and as we stepped inside, our eyes adjusting to the dim interior.

While walking into the dining room, I tipped my head back to take in the vaulted log ceiling. The bright-ly-coloured flags of alpine nations caught my attention and helped to lighten the dark interior. Cheerful windows ran the length of the restaurant's street-facing side and brought in additional light.

The host seated us at a large wood table and our server took our drink order. I ordered a hot chocolate (\$2) to ward off the slight mountain chill and it arrived quickly as we perused the menu. The traditional "Canadian" menu offered burgers, steaks, surf and turf and pizza. A Canadian mountain stew caught my father's attention, but he retained his maniliness by choosing the beef stroganoff (\$17.95), while his friend ordered the chicken Cordon Bleu.

To satisfy my own mountainous appetite, I ordered the rainbow trout (\$18.95), which may well have been fished locally. My cousin selected a pepperoni pizza (\$5.50) from the children's menu for her daughter. She gratefully accepted our server's offer to bring out the pizza as soon as it was done.

Tourists from a variety of countries happily dined here, and 1 smiled as 1 overheard the hostess offer Melissa's menu in other languages. No doubt the translation is a necessity during Banff's busy summer months.

A LOAF OF FRESH-FROM-THE-OVEN bread arrived first. We cut ourselves slices, which melted in our mouths. The salad arrived shortly on the heels of the bread. Arriving in a communal bowl, this Caesar salad was evidently freehly prepared. I was impressed with

the quality of the Romaine lettuce. I have often been disappointed by salads that have been made with sub-par lettuce, dripping with heavy dressing in an attempt to distract diners from the decrepit produce. I had no complaints with Melissa's fare: crispy croutons, bacon bits made from actual bacon and a light coating of creamy dressing drizzled over the greens produced a fantastic Caesar salad.

duced a fattasuc caesal saidu. This restaurant was clearly comfortable catering to kids: the child-sized pizza was ready as soon as the salad arrived. I was impressed with the quality of the tiny, deep-dish pizza. The crust was cooked just enough to retain chewiness and the cheese was perfectly browned on top.

After finishing the delicious Caesar salad, I was delighted to see that all of our entrées arrived simultaneously. My father's rich, meaty stroganoff featured the lovely taste of sherry shining through the cream flavours. The adequate chicken Cordon Bleu was covered in a Hollandaise sauce, garnished with paprika and chives, and served with green beans and a baked potato.

I was delighted by my own selection. Two large rainbow trout (with tails!) were accompanied by perfectly steamed broccoflower, green beams and a baked potato. The potato was accompanied by three stainless steel pots: one each of butter, sour cream and bacon bits. Simply poached with no sauces, my trout retained a perfect consistency all the way through. It was fabulous, and I relished every bite.

After we finished our meals, we relaxed and enjoyed some time together as a family. In an attempt to prolong this visit, I ordered the Key Lime Cheesecake (\$6.50) from "The End of tt" section of the menu. Perfectly combining tart and sweet flavours, the cheesecake was deliciously fluffy and light.

Our total came to \$76.16, including tax and tip. With our turnmies distended, we strolled some of Banff's touristy streets. Perhaps we would rustle up some of Banff's famous fudge? •



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# Sai Woo, Say Me. Say it together: Cantonese

Then Sai Woo Garden took Award for Edmonton's Best Chinese Restaurant last month, I was caught off guard. Winner of the 2005 Golden Fork Award, Sai Woo was gether; I thought I'd see what all the flip-flopping was about.

Last week, I gathered a few friends and made a Sunday evening reservation. Originally from Vancouver, two they brought her along for the official taste test. Rounding out the group was my hunky El Salvadorian date allergic to most seafood-and here I thought that introducing him to a few

We were promptly seated at one of of the restaurant's remaining tables

picked up the English version, but list. Theirs seemed to offer items that

OUR GROUP AGREED to the Combination Number Four (\$43), which was My friend confirmed our order in flusoup, steamed rice, roast chicken, garlic steamed prawns, beef and Chinese broccoli and a whole sole fish. He added a bowl of pork wonton soup (\$5.25) for my shellfish-avoiding date.

Two large bowls of soup came out first: I tried some of each. The pork wonton soup was rich with wontons, green onions and large slices of mari-





sesame oil flavour. Frequently added to southern Chinese soups, fish maw are gas bladders; fish use these bladders to adjust their buoyancy and philosophy of cooking says, "Any anieaten." This results in quite a diversity of ingredients

As we enjoyed the soup, our server portions and served with a small dish

Our server quickly followed the steamed prawns that floated in a sea prawns, our server presented a platter

of bright green gai lan topped by glis

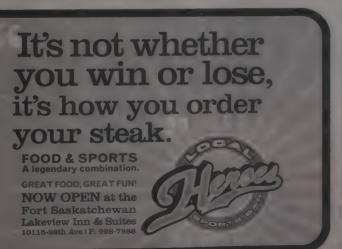
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, he appeared with our final dish: the whole flatfish It dorsal fins crisp and brittle, while its

lic, they were delightful. We debated are larger than shrimp and have a

Next, I pulled a spoonful of gai lan and beef atop my rice. The Chinese

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# MEEKLY

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SAI WOO GARDEN

DAVINGED FROM PREVIOUS PLG

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and supple, it melted in my mouth,

leaving its mood-altering tryptophan

effortlessly from the bones, which

remained firmly attached to the

naked spine. Though I love fresh fish,

this dish was also rather unremark-

able, if not bland. Undoubtedly a

healthy choice, full of phyto-nutri-

ents and omega-something-or-other

fatty acids, I would have preferred a

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BINK PINK

At 7 pm on Tuesday, July 17, deVine Wines will help you cool off for the summer. Tis the rosé season, so compare the styles of South African, Canadian, Spanish, Italian and French versions. They might just offer a taste of a rare bottle from the most famous Rosé region in the world—the Cote de Provence. Find out about the foodmatching angle as well. Cost: \$25. Find out more at devinewines ca.

Dish Weekly spills the beans on culinary happenings around town. Got an event, an announcement or some substantiated gossip? Email dish@vueweekly.com or fax 426.289.

and my South American friend had picked carefully from those dishes he could safely enjoy, we finally gave up. Only a few morsels remained untouched. We enjoyed a dish of sliced oranges that our server offered

The total bill came in under \$50 before tax and tip. For all five of us to dine in Cantonese style, it was good value for money, but I can't say it was the best Chinese food I've had in the city. My West Coast friends remain underimpressed by Edmontor's Chinese food scene. Still, 'I'll keep getting them to try new places as we scour the city for the best authentic Cantonese Cuissine. V

# Indulging in Zin risked my soul

NICE LEGS

JAMES LYLE

nicelens@wheweekly.com

2001 L'AVENTURE ZINFANDEL STEPHAM ESTATE PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA S37

It has been a while since I have been in the mood to try something new. I've been relying on old favourites and guaranteed pleasure over chancing my palate on something unfamiliar.

As I sat down for dinner on an obscenely hot summer day, however, I decided to reach for a new bottle. A nicely chilled bottle of Beaujolais would have hit the spot, but I decided to go the exact opposite; a California Zinfandel.

For this bottle of L'Aventure, the grapes were grown in the Santa Rita Hills of central California in 2001, which was one of the better recent vintages. I was optimistic. Upon opening the deep, raspberry red wine, it emitted a slightly offputting nose. I caught a hint of cherries in the odour. In time, the slightly pushy nose gave way to something better, but it still came off as strong and alcoholic.

When I first tasted the wine, I found it well-rounded and soft through the evolution of the taste. The juice was



quite jammy at the beginning but, like the odour, it gave way to a more pleasant experience.

I found the alcohol and tannins quite overwhelming at the beginning but slowly, a more subtle wine evolved. The tannins were still a little much but the result was still a nice bottle of wine

As the hot day came to an end, I was forced to remind myself that a complex Gamay at 14 or 15 degrees might have hit the spot a little better. I look forward to trying this wine again in the dead of winter, when I need to be warmed up.





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THEATRE: BELKE'S BEST BITS / 24



THEATRE: THE TRIAL OF SALOMÉ / 24



# Ryan spends an Exquisite Hour with Teatro

DAVID BERRY / david@vueweekly.com

Teatro La Quindicina audiences can be forgiven if they need to double-check their programs when Kate Ryan sashays on to the stage in the revival of Stewart Lemoine's The Exquisite Hour. Not only has it been ages since Ryan slipped into some elegant Teatro evening wear for a show with Lemoine and company: it's also been more than a year since theatergoers saw the bubbly actor perform locally.

You can't keep a Ryan off the stage for too long, though—along with mother Marilyn and sister Bridget, Kate makes up one of Edmonton's best-loved theatrical families—and she insists she is thrilled that her return could be with the Teatro gang.

Coming into the Varscona to work with these guys is like walking into a clubhouse." Ryan cheerfully explains about working with Lemoine and costar jeff Haslam. "They're always having (un, and Stewart's playing around and trying out new things and having fun with it, and it always spills over."

THE EXQUISITE HOUR
WHITEN & DIRECTED BY STEWART LEMOINE
STARRING CATE FYAN, JEFF HASLAM
VARSCOMA THEATRE (1823) - 83 AVE), \$17 - \$20

Ryan is certainly no stranger to The Exquisite Hour's particular kind of Lemoinian fun: it was her Fringe spot in which the show first launched. after all-the play was written after Ryan told Lemoine that they had an hour-long slot that needed filling. The result was the story of Mrs Darimont, a travelling encyclopedia saleswoman who wanders into the backyard of the exceedingly shy Mr Teale in the hopes of making a sale. The two spend the next hour of real time the only way two characters in a Lemoine play would: running through an exquisite encyclopedia's worth of conversation topics

THOUGH NORMALLY such familiarity would be a boon for an actress, Ryan explains it's almost a stumbling block in *The Exquisite Hour*, a play that relies very much on Darimont and Teale disvery much on Darimont and Teale disverse when the state of the s



covering as much about themselves as the audience is

"Any time you're reviving something, you want to make sure you're not just

reliving what it was before, because you don't want anything getting stale, and your understanding is always going to change." Ryan says. "That's even more

true with this play, though because of the revelations the characters end up having. It's just two people taiking, so that sense of discovery becomes much more important; you have to teel like you're really finding out something new, because the characters are

In that regard, Ryan says that it helps to be working off of a tamone script. The Exquisite Hour is containing the tradition of Lemoine's more speculative fare, and for Ryan it's more easier to act like you're discovering something about yourself when the things you're discussing have got you thinking already

"The play is really simple—it's just two people talking—but it's also very complex, because the ideas in it are so exciting. Ryan says with a beaming smile. Pithink one of the reasons people like it so much is because you're moving along with the characters, and asking yourself the same kinds of questions they're asking figuring out what you think as they're figuring themselves out. It really is just like a fabulous conversation, and

who doesn't like having those?" v



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# Adding ears and eyes to Edmonton's art community

# **屋 | PRAIRIE ARTSTERS**

As discussed in an interview within these pages with cohort Mary Christa O'Keefe, I decided to start up my blog, PrairieArtsters.com back in April of this year as a way to document the Edmonton visual arts scene in a consistent and critical fashion. With a burgeoning flux of local exhibitions, a handful of previews per month was no longer sufficient or even

There is a real and diverse visual arts community here, but you would never know it from just absorbing media. The handful of local arts writers (all three or four of us) are often bound to covering the "legitimate" shows up in commercial and artist-run galleries. In comparibasically be the equivalent of only previewing gigs happening at Rexall, Shaw Conference and Commonwealthminus the defining review that situates deciphering together an experience and

There are of course exceptions, like the installation-driven curation behind "The Apartment Show" that occurred in the spring and the do-it-yourself graffiti posters of the "Make It Not Suck" projects along Jasper Avenue-both of which received plenty of media attention, with the latter spurning a lot of discussion. This needs to happen more, across the board, if this relatively young arts community is going to survive and gain

But even these two independent shows are just the larger tips of the metaphorical iceberg happening within Edmonton's arts scene. There are lowkey art exhibits and openings happening in restaurants and cafes, record shops, hair salons, basements, flower shops and other spaces all across the city. The arts scene is invisible to those outside of it, and the scene is deaf and mute to

Starting with this edition, Prairie Art-Weekly as a print companion to the ongoing reviews online. The print version will fall more along the lines of something equivalent

Everyone is talking about the economic boom, but the reality is that most artists will or already have been abandoned by it. All that remains is the work and the community to foster and develop, workand thoughtful discussions of the works produced-needs a communal venue from which to grow.

### ART ON THE ROAM

An emerging artists exhibition has an opening reception at the Peter Robertson Gallery (10183 - 112 street) on Thu, Jul 19 starting at 7 pm. Show runs until Sat, Aug 11.

University of Alberta's Monica Pietre reveals her MFA show, "Of Night, and Light, and Half Light" starting Tue, Jul 24 through to Sat, Aug 18 in the FAB Gallery Opening is on Thu, Jul 26 at 7 pm held in conjunction with Kelly Johner's MFA exhibition in sculpture.

Local painter Tammy Salz opens "Acts of Devotion" in the Front Room of Harcourt House (Third Floor, 10215 112 St.) on Thu. Jul 26. The show runs until Sat, Aug 25 and the opening reception will be held on the 26th at 7 pm in conjunction with Toni Hafkensheid in the Main Space.

will rotate week to week from 5 to 9pm at Latitude 53 Gallery (10248 – 106 St) Jul 12 w/ Alex Rojas, Jul 19 w/ NextGen, Jul 26 w/ FungKerr, Aug 2 w/ Budo Events, Aug 9 w/ James De Los Santos and Aug 16 w/ Fish Griwkowsky. Free



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# Candy Mountain high: finding the triumphant in the everyday at Latitude 53

MARY CHRISTA O'KEEFE / marychrista@vuaweeklv.com

indy Yan Miller, Susie Major and Catherine Bodmer met in shared Montreal arty circles, mid-carer creators with divergent practices and sympathetic preoccupations. The women are not simply colleagues but dear friends, forming a metaphoric mountain themselves, from their triangular symmetry to the forbidding façade even the most hospitable of close-knit groups show outsiders. You do not so much join their conversation as find purchase in it, digging into a phrase and yanking yourself up until you find a path.

"We'd been talking about the idea of Candy Mountain for a couple of years before this show came up," Major offers. A folk song from the 1600s elaborated on an earlier inspiration—"Big Rock Candy Mountain," describes a low-brow Shangri-la, one where cops won't hassie you and everything is made of alcohol and other simple carbohydrates. In an impressive display of sensibility, these Elizabethan transients even decreed everyone in hobo paradise would be free from hody odour.

The land of milk and honey is staid in com-

"We used the mountain as the starting point," explains Yan Miller. "This idea of abundance, of turning nothing into a lot through desire—the song comes from almost unimaginable poverty, and this is the fantasy of this easy life where everything's ready and waiting for you."

BODMEN'S LARGE photographs and accompanying postcards play with "the idea of travelling within your own city," she states. "We get a lot of snow in Montreal. These trucks clear snow and dump it in vacant lots, so there's these crazy, dirty snowbanks everywhere." The Swissborn Bodmer has the dainty European accent of a Bond girl. She laughs, "I started to see in them mountains; they reminded me of the Alps. I was thinking about 'moving mountains."

Her snow heaps come from the bleakest urban landscapes, shot with the dispassionate eye of a disposable camera, then blown up to a grandiose scale in the gallery and shrunk into postcards that diminish memory to iconic souvenir. Bodmer gives them names and poetic portions of histories from real-world juggernauts to distance them further from their true selves.

"I went back to the sites a year later, but I was too late—they were all gone," Bodmer recalls. She photographed the mega-puddles as lakes, digitally altering background aspects to recast them in the same heroic light as her departed mountains. In these more playful images—they look like flip book stills—the "lakes" are perturbed by joyful, puddle-jumping people.

"It shifts to an ambiguous space," Bodmer contends. "If the snow heaps are mountains you'd climb and defend as kids, then puddles disrupt that idea of depth. You'd just splash around in this dirtiness. For me, this work is about a connection to an ideal land, like that mountains are eternal, snow is pure, all this grand, romantic bliss, but really, none of that is true in that way. The permanent thing is supposed to be the ideal, but maybe the real permanent thing is that everything moves and changes."

In her "procrastination drawings," Major created a formulaic sequence of mark making akin to programming—such as "light-dark-light-darkturn left-repeat," colouring squares on gridded paper. The emergent drawing looks like a simple coded map, but it's really a series of instructions rather than a description of terrain—a



| THROUGH JUL 20 (BUN HAS BEEN EXTENDED)
| CANDY MOUNTAIN
| WITH MINDY YAN MILLER, CATHERINE BOOMER, SUSTE MAJOR LATITUDE 53

blind journey that could be emotionally analogous to powerless porters trundling along behind a climber. There are even stumbles, parts where Major erred in her process.

"I was thinking about what makes the mountain heroic and the idea of picking a path, more about the journey instead of the "feat," more about the labour and not the ambition. What if I just followed this process and these rules, where would I wind up? It was a less obvious, more abstract idea of the mountain, one that reduced it to energy, momentum and potential for transformation. Not 'conquering,' but a more feminized, 'getting through the day 'thing," Major concludes, "My work with units and directionality relate to Mindy."

Bodmer elaborates, "Mindy's feat is her process; her making it."

THE CENTERPIECE OF candy Mountain is the show's most literal iteration of the theme—a huge mound of shiny red Coke cans aspirationally jutting into the surroundings.

Yan Miller, who recently relocated to Edmonton from Montreal, started working with Cocacola a decade ago, after a shipping accident wrecked a piece destined for an overseas show. "Everything I make is provisional—my work has to be fabricated. You could get Coke anywhere in the world. It means 'America,' of course, but it really is global."

Ah, the Esperanto of commerce.

Her previous work dealt with "the residue of people," and Yan Miller continues to encounter that as she gathers empty cans. "The first thing I do is wash them—there's lipstick, cigarette butts, gum, everything in them. I don't allow myself to get used to it. People want to look at the work as an overt critique—social, political, capitalism, consumerism—I'm relying on that to a certain extent, but it's certainly not the only thread. It has a lot to do with desire, I think, and excess—and excess is not rational. Like an ancient kind of economy; 'feast days.''

it's difficult to tell whether Yan Miller's works evoke more celebration or rejection impulses: there is a participatory aspect, the "Coke dump," where the artist invites people to anoint her sculpture with the sweet, sticky liquid. At the Latitude opening, case after case of frothy amber went cascading down her mountain structure.

"I also try to deal with hope, and ideologies of hope that failed." From Americanism to pop art, the finger-like ridge of Yan Miller's mountain points to a grand horizon, but asserts itself as spent and empty. It's up to the imagination to reawaken the promise of plenty. \*\*



# Shadow celebrates the best of Belke

DWHR SERR) asyndialymeweer y com

hadow Theatre has finally found a suitable replacement for shakespeare: David Belke.

The Edmonton playwright and multiple Sterling winner may not be taking the Bard's place in the English canon, exactly, but Shadow has seen fit to replace their annual fundraiser. The Bard's Best Bits, with a celebration of a playwright a little closer to home. Belke's Best Bits, set to play the Varscona this Sun, Jul 15, will be an evening devoted entirely to one

We thought it would be nice to honour David, since he's done so much for us over the years," says Artistic Director John Hudson of the event. "He was with us from our very first show, and I don't even remember how many plays of his I've worked on, so he's obviously pretty close to our heart."

Hudson is understating it. In its 15 year history of producing plays during the regular theatre season, the company has produced Belke's plays no fewer than 17 times—he is, after all, their playwright-in-residence—and Shadow cohorts Hudson, Coralie Caims and John Sproule have regularly shown up in Belke's Acme Theatre productions at the Fringe.

OF COURSE, BELKE'S INFLUENCE

extends well beyond Shadow's circle. You'd be hard-pressed to find an Edmonton actor who hasn't done



something with the congenial playwright, from famous ex-pats like Firefly's Nathan Fillion, who once starred in The Reluctant Resurrection of Sheriock Holmes, to the newest of newcomers, like Aimee Beaudoin, who made her Edmonton debut in Shadow's recent remount of Dreamley Centrel Minklys.

It should come as no surprise, then, that the lineup of people ready to take on his best bits is equally wide-ranging. Every one from current Citadel Associate Artistic Director James MacDonald to young stars Jesse Gervais and Andrew Macdonald-Smith will be bringing some aspect of Belke back to the stage. Hudson, of course, isn't surprised at the response, saying that actors tend to like Belke for the same reason

"I know the thing I've always loved about David's plays is the tremendous heart, and the tremendous humanity he always puts into them," Hudson says, "He's certainly also a very funny guy, and he works wonderfully with other people, but the best part for me is that David just has such a big heart, and it always shines through in anything he's writing." w



## Salomé no match for its own wit

BAVID BERRY / david@vueweekly.com

ne of the reasons Oscar Wilde enjoys a popular status as an almost nonpareil wit—he's good, but not as good as his stature would imply, but I digress—is his distinctiveness; notwithstanding any number of paler imitators over the years, Wilde's quips tend to drip with a sneeringly playful arrogance that's almost all his own, each line practically wearing its own sunflower boutonniere. For proof, try dropping, say, a "The only thing worse than being talked about is not being talked about at your next cocktail gathering and note the lack of hearty, aristocratic guffaws that follow—you need a very particular schele noull that stuff off

The intricacies of wit are something the cast of the Walterdale's lattest production. The Trial of Salomé, could do well to study. The play's writer, Walterdale artistic direct Scott Sharplin, isn't precisely comparable to Wilde when it comes to wit, but he has a palpable ear for a good line, whether a playful pun or a more cutting jibe. Too often in Amy Neufeld's production, though, Sharplin's lines are mishandled, usually either by getting lost in an unfocused rhythm or by being too obviously spelled out. The realization that a joke is being made either comes too late for it to be appreciated or hits so hard it's numbing, and if you're not laughing through the since worker in a hit of trouble.

The play itself is the story of the infamous "Cutt of the Cilitoris" case, a scandal that swirled around Canadian dancer Maud Allan (Leslie Caffaro) and her performance in a version of Oscar Wilde's Salome in London at the tail end of World War I, It's a story that's the type of ridiculous that can only come from the mix of war-fuelled paranoia, repressed sexuality, sordid celebrity gossip and self-satisfied pomposity that swirled

UNTIL SAT, JUL 14
THE TRIAL OF SALOMÉ
DIRECTED BY AMY NEUFELD
WRITTEN BY SCOTT SHARPLIN

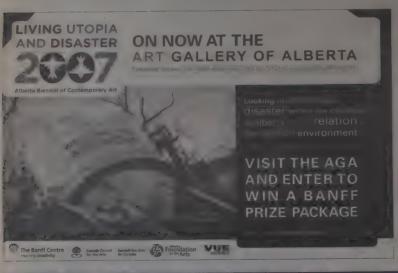
WHITEH BY SLUTE SHEARCH, DENNY DEMERIA RING MATHAW ETIPPENS WATERDAEE PLAYHOUSE (10322 - 83 AVE), S12 - S16

all around the case, and Sharplin does all he can to pack every outrageous bit into the play, and for the most part the actual text works.

THE SUCCESS RATE is a bit lower when it comes to the actors, however. The play demands some pretty big performances, and this troupe has trouble delivering. A bellicose. loose-screwed former army captain (Lee Conrad) who serves as the driving force behind the conspiracy aspect is far more bombastic in word than action, occasionally hitting the mark but more often getting lost in his archaically bellicerent tirades.

The bigger problem for the play is probably Caffaro's Allan, though who never quite makes you believe she's the face that launched a thousand lawsuits. In a scene towards the end, for instance, she's asked to perform the "Dance of the Seven Veils," and Caffaro's performance doesn't suggest that this was scintillating or scandalous enough to get a Member of Parliament and the British court on her tail. The scene is the equivalent of a joke's punch line, and just as when one of those falls flat, its lack of life spreads through the rest of play.

There are some admirable turns— Nathan Coppens manages to bring the right mix of masked desperation, practiced affectation and frenzied meekness to producer/Wilde devotee Jack Grein—but they're regrettably fewer in number than those that miss, and too often the actors seems like they're dropping quotes without the style to do so. w





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HARCOURT HOUSE 10215-112 St (426-4180) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 12-4pm • Front Room: M.19: The Works, 3rd floor (both rooms): Harcourt House mem-bers' show • Until July 21

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Open Tue-Fig 3/18en-S 3/3pm: Set 9:3/0am-4pm =
Serigraphs by Norva Morrisseu and Jackson Beardy,
prints by Ton, pendings by Chory Rendy, I wall art by
Saymand Chow e (BOUTH) 7711-85 S1 (465-671) =
Open Mora-Th sarrism, Set 10am-96 — Arthrofits by
Shilley Thomas, Edythe Markstod Bucharan, Serigraphs
of Editomic In Johnson by Grane More of Serial on buildings by George Webber, pottery by Jim

(ATTTUDE 53 GALLERY 10248-106 St (423-5353) .

Iain Space: CANDY MTN. Mindy Yan Miller, Catherine Bodmer, and Sussi Major present cardiabodishe project. Catherine under the Project Room. Int WALLY OF SAROH-Protegraphs of Female forms in plastic by Asia Traceses, until July 14, embet hours extent to Spin on Thus, July 14 during latundes SS symmems Roothop Pason. Indicaser – Latitude Summer Roothop Series hosted by a range of local "celebrary" UJs and hasts, roothop patio energy Thu until Aug 16 (5-Spin).

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arcas in other venues. \* Omit July 15

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years of an disciplina September 1997, the time section of the TIPME TIPME OF SALDMER Violaterial Perspectue, 10222-52 Apr (452-2965) • London, 1918 at the height of ventrine paramosi, actives-deriven Mary Al Plans is singled out for performing Discar Wilder's Salona, but Mased won't searline her reputation without a light, and dissolved property of the salona of

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- 3. The White Stripes loky Thump (warner)
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- 5. Feist The Reminder (arts & crafts)
- 6. Ryan Adams Easy Tiger (lost highway)
- 7. Grinderman Grinderman (anti)
- 8. Joan Armatrading Into The Blues (429)
- 9. Spoon GaGaGaGaGa (merge)
- 10. The National -- Boxer (4ad)
- 11.Beasties Boys The Mix Up (emi)
- 12.Mark Olson The Salvation Blues (universal)
- 13. Mavis Staples We'll Never Turn Back (anti)
- 14. Rufus Wainwright Release The Stars (geffen)
- 15.Arcade Fire Neon Bible (merge)
- 16. Tiger Army Music From Regions Beyond (helicat)
- 17. Xavier Rudd White Moth (universal)
- 18. Amy Winehouse Back To Black (universal)
- 19. Kings Of Leon Because Of The Times (rca)
- 20. Lucinda Williams West (lost highway)
- 21. Wednesday Night Heroes Guilty Pleasures (byo)
- 22. Carolyn Mark Nothing Is Free (mint)
- 23. Dinosaur Jr. Beyond (fat possum)
- 24. Ry Cooder My Name Is Buddy (nonesuch)
- 25.Battles Mirrored (warp)
- 26. Hot Little Rocket How To Lose Everything (furm)
- 27. Pelican City Of Echoes (hydrahead)
- 28. John Prine & Mac Wiseman Standard Songs For Average People (oh boy)
- 29. Tom Waits Orphans (anti)
- 30. John Wort Hannam Two Bit Suit (black hen)

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One of Galgarys most beloved Rock N' Roll bands has emerged with a new record called "How To Lose Evrything", It's been a long wait for this Steve Albini recorded effort, and now that it's here we can see it has 3 sets of balls and a baseball bat with every-

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LICENSE TO WED / 31

TEN CANOES / 30



# LICENSE TO WED /

Panahi's tale of women and soccer is pitch perfect

BRIAN GIBSON / brian@vueweekly.com

T's either happy coincidence or savyy art-film scheduling, but one of the best films of the year, screening as the FIFA Under-20 World Cup heads into the playoff rounds at Commonwealth Stadium,

happens to be about soccer.

On the surface, at least, Jafar Panahi's Offside is about soccer. But this is a film of masks, and that's especially fitting for Iranian cinema, which has had to sneak social criticism past the Islamic regime's censors. Panahi's latest has been whistled down on home turf but screened widely abroad, just like his two previous—The Circle (examining the plight of women in the country) and Crimson Gold (based on the true story of a lower-class taxi driver who robbed a jewelry store)—which were also called out-of-bounds

The seeming simplicity of the conceit and spareness of the visuals hide the tangle of absurd politics beneath, as offside shifts the tragic arc of The Circle into a kind of bobbing, weaving comic surrealism. The film begins and ends with two very different bus rides, first to and then from the game, Iran's final 2006 World Cup qualifier, versus Bahrain A tie or win books the team's ticket to the big show in Germany.

But the game remains hidden from view, a distant dream. That's because the fans here who want to see it are female, and by vague decree—though SOCCE

FRI, JUL 13 & SUM, JUL 15 (7 PM),
SAI, JUL 18 & MON, JUL 16 (3:15 PM)
OFFSIDE
URECTE DE YJAFAR PANAH
WRITTEN BY PANAH & SNADMEHR RASTIN
STARAINS SIMA MOBRARY-SIAHI,
STARAINS SIMA MOBRARY-SIAHI,
STARAINS SIMA MOBRARY-SIAHI

METRO CINEMA, \$10

no official law—no tranian women are allowed into the stadium with men. A father searches for his daughter on one of the buses shipping cheering fans to the game. On another bus, a girl (Sima Mobarak-Shahi) is a disguised bundle of nerves, looking forward to seeing the match as much as she dreads trying to slip past the guards at the stadium gates.

A scalper masks his illicit trade with the sale of legit posters. An artful dodger blinds the guards to her sex by passing for a sightless boy with an elderly escort (two supposed handicaps smoke-screening another).

WHEN THE ANXIOUS GIRL is caught out and taken to a makeshift pen holding other female fans, they're all doubly barred from the game, tormented by the sounds of the match and the more privileged spectators inside on the other side of the stadium walls. In conversations between the prisoners and their reluctant soldier-guards, ironies are passed back and forth, skipping off into hypocrisies masking themselves as logic and protection-



Women from other countries can come see their teams play, the guards plead they re following orders even as the women plead for lenience; when one of the women has to wear a player's poster over her face to go to the guys' toilet, the façade's ridiculous superficiality becomes clear. The men's-room-only rhetoric of honour and shame is a pissing contest that conceals petty infighting and hollow machismo; the women are penned in like cattle, treated like property that reflects on their male guardians.

The young women, nameless yet strikingly individual, are brash, stubborn and reasoning, skilfully playing their positions in such a haltingly offensive-defensive patriarchy—a man can be thrown off-guard, since he can't hit a woman or swear around her. The general atmosphere of frayed nerves and bubbling elation as soccer victory nears can even soften soldiers doing their blind duty. And the male fans just want these women to enjoy the game—any battle of the sexes is shut out by the nationalist competition.

on the pitch, just as one woman hides her long hair with an Iranian flag

Droll comedy and wry ironies artfully disguise Panahi's poignant questioning of national pride, governing 
the public good and even the sadness 
mixed in with past victories. But even 
on a grass-deep level, Offside, by 
being honestly unheroic and showing 
what's beyond the field—the fans and 
their turbulent, raging passion for 
something more than a game—hopens to be one of the best soccer films 
ever made. •

# Al Pacino: more than just a wildly gesticulating scenery-chewer



The generation of American male movie stars that assumed prominence in the 1970s has always resembled a different breed than those of that previous golden age of the '30s and '40s. They had method training, inhabiting their bodies with naturalistic rigour, exuding emotional dexterity and a rugged sensitivity that seemed virtually antithetical to the tough guy personas of their forebears. They honed the art of gesticulation with an unapologetic eccentricity that went far beyond the requirements of mere storytelling. They even wept. They just seemed to act more. But in the end you've got to wonder: is any one of them really more powerful or immediate a presence than Edward G Robinson, James Cagney or Humphrey Bogart?

I'm thinking specifically about Al Pacino, perhaps the most enduring great talent of his generation. An actor's actor, he's celebrated by peers for his well-oiled theatrical skills, attention to text and immersion into character. But his diversity is perhaps exaggerated. Is he really more versatile than those studio-are atars we think of as only ever playing one role? Pacino shouts too much. His showman-ship can be hugely entertaining, but he's never so convincing as when he's restrained in that distinctive, sometimes chilling way that was utilized so marvelously in the Godfather films.

Fox has recently released a generous cache of the actor's less-known work, some in single disc packages, much of it in a glisteny black box set rather pretentiously entitled All Pacino: An Actor's Wision. Altogether it gives an interesting opportunity to survey the cloudy peripheries of Pacino's range, to see where the brooding dark horse becomes exhausted and the showman takes over. The fact is that not a single performance in these films, however flawed, is unengaging. I'm going to talk briefly about

two in particular.

The Panic in Needle Park (1971) was Pacinos first starring role, and as inisterly cool as he would play things in his career-making turn as Michael Corleone the following year, hints of his storehouse of tics were already evident in his debut. Playing Bobby, a dope fiend with precarious criminal ambitions in the thick of a tumultuous relationship with a fellow addict (Kitty Winn), Pacino makes an ostentatious entrance, doing this funny, bopping strut through New York City crowds and chewing gum like he's gnaving raw meat off the bone. I don't think there's a single close-up of his face in the film where his eyes don't dart in multiple directions. He's simultaneously cagey and flowly and it works.

The material, an adaptation of James Mills' book by Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, isn't as strong, however. With its then-controversial ingering over the rituals of drug use and general dreariness of the lifestyle, it now simply reads as business as usual for the junkie movie.

A tragic scene involving a puppy and the Staten Island Ferry is especially overwrought, a silly warning about the perils of druggie oblivion. But it does arrive at a striking ending, one that causes you to look back on the whole film as a sort of crazy, off-beat story of courtship and marriage

JUMPING FROM AN EARLY foray into screen acting to a sophomore attempt at directing, the barely-seen *Chinase Coffee* (2000) finds Pacino bringing a beloved play to the screen with surprisingly effective results. Pacino worked on the piece with playwright Ira Lewis for years at The Actor's Studio, and his affinity for the role of starving, middle-aged Greenwich Village novelist Harry Levine is almost palpable. His affinity for realizing the work in cinematic terms is somewhat more strained—he crams the film almost from top to bottom with flashbacks to break up what's basically an externe two-hander—but his nervy editing doesn't finally

ingly complicated approach to its themes: the myth of the staining artist, the difference between dilettantism and commitment and the toll of romance on an artist's ongoing struggle to define his art

There is shouting to be sure, both from Pacino and his costar, the late <code>Assypoptach="Are you fucking with my mind?"</code> caws Pacino—but the scenery chewing builds not to a full boil but rather a dire whisper of friendship lost. The two friends in Chinase Coffee represent two distinct dangers to be encountered in bohemian life as it enters less glamourous years. Pacino shows up at Orbach's cramped apartment looking for money and support for his new manuscript. He gets neither, but finds something more profoundly valuable by the time the visit is through.

And the same can be said for timese who give Chinese Coffee a chance. In its small, humble, half-digested way, it reveals some bitter truths about life in art—and it reveals the mature Pacino at his subtle best. •





# Pretty to look at, it's still a long, tedious *Journey*

JOSEF BRAUN / josef@vueweakly.com

rully compliant with all the dictates of what we might refer to as the know-your-roots genre, French-Armenian writer/director Robert Guédiguian's fourney to Armenia (Le Voyage en Arménie) offers a protracted but more or less cozy cruise through the titular homeland of French cardiologist Anna (co-writer Ariane Ascaride) as she searches for her ill and aged father Barsam (Marcel Bluwal).

After receiving alarming news about his heart condition from his own daughter, Barsam decides to ditch his established life in Marseilles in favour of autumnal ethnic rediscovery, though he leaves no word of his departure for his worried kinfolk. Anna thus closes shop for a week in order to track him down and ensure that he understands his full diagnosis and, if he has any sense, returns to France for surgery.

Unsurprisingly, it quickly becomes clear that it is the doctor who needs to truly learn something here and not the patient. Alas, while Anna—who inherited both her father's stubbornness and gruff disposition—may know her aorta from her septum, she doesn't really get the finer aspects of the heart's deeper needs. And though she may not be fully cognizant of it from the outset—I guess she doesn't watch many movies—her journey isn't really about doctoral responsibility: it's about love, family, tolerance and the inner peace gained from forming connections with one's ancestors.

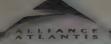
ANNA'S ADVENTURES in Armenia include getting a sassy new haircut from a foxy young stripper desperate to score work in France; discovering a

FRI, JUL 13 & SUA, JUL 15 (9 PM)
SAI, JUL 14 & MOIX, JUL 15 (7 PM)
JOURNEY TO ARMENIA
WRITTER BY ARIANA FAZARIE, MARIE
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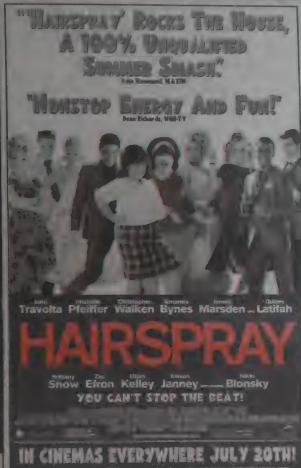
humble restaurant proprietress who can play Satie like a dream; penetrating the fertile and all-encompassing Armenian black market; holing up in the rural compound of a national military hero; and even blowing the kneecaps off of a hefty Armenian gangster in one of this otherwise naturalistic film's more incongruous and wildly improbable detours. (Curiously, it seems that when über-macho Armenian thugs get shot they barely utter even a groan of displeasure.)

At nearly every stop, Anna also gets treated to lessons in what it means to be Armenian, with a special emphasis on genocide, earthquakes, religion, music, drinking, political dysfunction, organized crime and the significance of the beloved, majestic Mount Ararat, looming nearly always in the distance yet always out of reach of its rightful people, since Ararat still remains under Turkish control.

Guédigulan, Ascaride and their cowriter Marie Desplechin pour on the didactic dialogue hot and thick at every rest stop, which isn't so bad if you're hot for a very basic history lesson, but can be a little wearisome with regards to building a strong, engaging and inventive harrative Rather than spend two hours with Anna and company, you can probably find out all the same stuff by spending ten-minutes browsing Armenia's Wikipedia entry—though, admittedly, it wouldn't be as colourful in its cast of characters or as pretty to look at. W









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# De Heer crafts himself some solid Canoes

JOSEF BRAUN / iosef@vueweeklv.com It's a sort of testament to the lively,

Loften bawdy sense of unseen narrator says he's going to tell him, wiggling sperm and all.

The story tells us other things too, stories, and how, if the storyteller poscharming and even fruitful with

nal mythology, the narrator of Ten Canoes, voiced by David Gulpilil, the tells us two stories set far back in preother. An unmarried younger brother the younger and more seductive of his three wives. The elder brother, senspangs, tells him a story about their ancestors, one involving an unmarried younger brother who envies his married elder brother for the younger and

IN ITS TALE (OR TALES) of brothers divided by desire, in its foundation in oral storytelling and in its anthropologically rich glimpse into an essentially vanished aboriginal culture, relayed in a manner that feels utterly singular in terms of conventional cinematic vocabulary, Ten Canoes feels closely related to Atanarjuat. Like Atanarjuat, the first feature film in the Inuktitut language, Ten Canoes is the first feature made in the language of

Comparisons seem inevitable, yet

TEN CANOES DIRECTED BY ROLF DE HEER & PETER DJIGIAR STARRING DAVID GULPILIL JAMIE GULPILII PETER MINYSULULU, CRUSOE KURODAL

Ten Canoes is no match for the n cal grandeur and stark, startling quirky, small-scale, blood-tinged compieces of general folksy wisdom I've

Dutch-born Australian director Rol de Heer works fluidly with the serpen moments. Before we even get to know introduced to us, the voice-over accompanied by a sort of screen test a close-up of each of their faces as they pose immobile before the cam era, often breaking into a seemingly involuntary smile before their momen is through. The relationship between the camera and these characters t palpably warm and relaxed-no small feat considering that it's basically matter of a white European pointing his camera at a bunch of largely non professional naked black men in al unspoiled world and expecting then to convincingly conjure up the lifestyles of their ancestors

But conjure they do, all the while displaying characteristics that an human being from any culture or time can understand. As the story progress es along, a stranger arrives, a woma vanishes, a shaman is employed an the small community at the film's hear negotiates its way through a time of violence and suspicion. There's n overwrought moral imposed about th virtues of "simpler" people or times to be endured here, just a good story universal resonance. As the narrato tells us, this is his story, which i bound to be different than your storybut if you listen to it, you might jus learn something. V



# Williams's schtick gives movie license to suck

JONATHAN BUSCH / jonathan@vueweekly.com

A andy Moore is a slice of

served up from the heavens on a silver platter in which I can see my reflection, when she walks, the lightest trail of crust crumbs falls behind her, from which baby birds feed. Robin Williams is a left-over sheperd's pie, piled into a stained yogurt container left overnight in my desk because I decided to buy lunch instead. Read whichever arbitrary perversions into each as you feel necessary.

For those of you who haven't seen the trailer of *License to Wed* before



LICENSE TO WED
DIRECTED BY KEN KWAPIS

WRITTEN BY KIM BARKER, TIM RASMUSSEN &

STARRING ROOM WILLIAMS, MANDY MOORE AND JOSH KRASINSKI practically every wide-release comedy

practically every wide-release comedy over the past six months, i'll lay it down: Moore is Sadie, a young entrepreneur who, after falling for and agreeing to marry Ben (josh Krasinski), a vintage-Gap-sweater-clad white boy, requests their wedding be officiated by her family's pastor, Reverend

DINYSKEE OF HERY MAE

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\*\*Nurser's Wedding\* can take a well-earned rest because them as a second is set to take the marrie... It's not often that you area accommon with a lamp in your through the less or uplind.\*\*

\*\*Brands Bellyny glees hav groebest performance aince Secrets & Lien's Nothing less than enthianthum... Thesi have the beathcrashing your second bellyn as writtle?

\*\*Brands Bellyn is twrittle?\*\*

\*\*Introducing Mattern period to marrie the dwights are the beathcrashing the writtle?\*\*

\*\*Advent, event normals the dwights dwights are the dwights and the dwights are t

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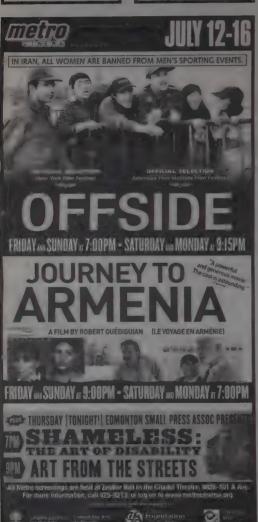
VILLE











# Artful docs explore the lives of artists

RIAN GIBSON / brian@vuewaekty.cem

The "power of art" messag seem like a bland billboard, but two new documentaries on the subject paint it over with passion. Both have more of



passion. Both note finde of an activist spirit and eloquent frankness than most documentaries out there. And in both (presented by the Edmonton Small Press Association, with proceeds to the Our Voice street newspaper), five people usually on the margins are brought into the centre of the frame by their art, on display in innovative gallery shows by the bit-

In the early '80s, director Bonnie Sherr Klein made a landmark NFB anti-pornography documentary, Not A Love Story. Now, her first film in years profiles five artists from across Canada: dance choreographer Geoffrey McMurchey, stand-up performer David Roche, sculptor and writer Persimmon Blackbridge, public speaker and writer Catherine Frazee and Klein herself.

They all also happen to be disabled. Klein's absence from directing was the result of two strokes, brain surgery, and gradual rehabilitation. Yet Shameless: The Art of Disability, though it involves much self-reflection, is never self-indulgent. There's togetherness and also coming apart: the gang of five debate their choices for the film's title (In Your Face? The Frenk's Show's) but also talk openly and

SHAMELESS: THE ART OF OISABBUTY
UNKERD BY BOMBLAUTH
HRU, JUL 12 (B PA)
ART FROM THE STREETS

METRO CINEMA, \$8

often hilariously about their depression or relationships

The film angues crucial points about disability that the supposedly "abled" mainstream should have long been considering. The five talk of the three-headed beast of revulsion/plty/inspiration they're often confronted with. They play Stereotypes Bingo as they watch Hollywood films with disabled characters. And, in a scene that probably should have kicked off the film, McMurchey's "Courage To Come Back" award at a feel-good ceremony is criticized by Frazee: "As if you went away."

Klein could have pushed her point home by suggesting it's only society that has a disability—about what's "normal" and worthy of sympathy—and asking why. But then Shameless's strength is its portrayal from the inside, so why does the "outside world," with its cracked perception, matter that much? Besides, the five here are so thoughtful, expressive, and whimsical as both speakers and

artists that their voices and work alone carry the film.

THE RIVE ARTISTS in Layton Blaylock's splendid doc Art From The Streets are homeless and often truly starving Penney Hunt, a tough-talking survivor, recycles almost everything in her makeshift camps. Pal tives in her car but remains solidly proud; park-dwelling John Curran is a rollicking storyteller; John Monbelly is a mild mannered man who sells some of his "fresh, wet art" on street corners Howard Cook has been with Austins. AFTS program since the mid-"90s and sold enough of his prolific art to rent an apartment for a year.

Editor Benny Holliday cuts expertly between interviews and the crisply shot scenes of the five on the streets and in the studio. Even as the film builds up to the annual art sale, the artists are, tellingly, self-erfacing and humble, their down-and-out lives keeping them quietly hopeful. Howard downplays his talent, while Penney shows her utterly devastated camp site, but her tone behind every word says shell scrap on.

Art From The Streets presents no simple, sunshiney sketches, but powerful portraits of people who find some comfort, security, and bold truth in their art. And it's a masterwork that should inspire fine reproductions of the homeless-artist program in other cities.



### LICENCE TO WED

THE TRANSFIRM THE PROVEYAGE

rank (Williams

Frank's approach to marriage is more intensive than a Jenny Jones boot camp—he starts the young ones on a three-week training plan before their wedding, refusing to marry them if they flop. With a hammy hard-ass altar boy Josh Flitten by his side and several dumb tricks under his robe (including a pair of animatronic babies, who deliver probably the best performances of the film), Frank arranges his own private hell to demonstrate the true commitment of marriage. Each step only brings Ben further to breaking under pressure and compromises his and Sadie's love.

THIS SUMMER'S *Knocked Up* played out the likes of a simple plot, and went to work investigating the various modes of social discourse that makes sexuality tick. At microscopic levels, it unfolds in a series of novel contradic-

tions that are startling in their affect

License to Wed likewise tries to cash in on the joke of heteronormativity but is far too convinced that its fan tastically drawn scenario is its meal ticket And that is Robin Williams's tired schtick in a pretty white bow Sure, his transvestism in Mrs Doublifer shed light on the politics of divorce but that was almost 15 years ago. As Borat and two-year-old landladies edge out contemporary comedy, it gets easier for post-boomers and so forth to despise Williams.

And it's unfortunate for director Ken Kwapis, a Ialent behind one of my all-time favourites (Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird), and even more so for comic talents Wanda Sykes, Christine Taylor and Bob Bala ban, who disappear into the wretched script (at the very least, it should help with those mortgage payments).

Besides, why pay to see Robin Williams on screen when there's dozens of his imitators in Churchill Square this week at the Edmonton Street Performers' Festival? V



AVA IS A NOT-FOR-PROFIT, ARTIST RUN RESOURCE CENTRE FOR INDEPENDENT MEDIA ARTISTS

**ART FROM THE STREETS** Director Layton Blaylock profiles five artists in Austin's Art From the Streets program. All the artists in the program are homeless, making their living through selling art in a yearly festival in the Texas town. Pro-ceeds from the Edmonton Small Press Association's screening of the film will go to support *Our Voice*. Read Brian Gibson's review on page 32. METRO CINEMA, ZIEDLER HALL, CITADEL THEATRE, THU, JUL 12 (9 PM)

RRIGADOON The Edmonton Film Society's Noteworthy Musicals summer program continues with Vincente Minelli's 1954 tale about an American tourist who comes across a magical village in the Scottish highlands, Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse and Van Johnson star. ROYAL ALBER-TA MUSEUM: MON, JUL 16 (8 PM)

### HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER OF THE PHDENIX The boy wizard returns under

the watchful eye of noted British TV director David Yates. In this episode, Harry and Dumbledore's warnings about are ignored, and trouble comes to Hogwarts. Scary stuff.

JOURNEY TO ARMENIA Robert Guédiqutan directs this story about a cantankerous father (Marcel Bluwal) who learns from his cardiologist daughter (Ariane Ascaride) that he has a problem with his heart. When he takes off to his native Armenia, his daughter follows, and learns a little something special on the way. Read Josef Braun's review on page 28. METRO CINEMA, ZIEDLER HALL, CITADEL THEATRE, FRI, JUL 13, SUN, JUL 15 (9 PM); SAT, JUL 14, MON, JUL 16 (7 PM)

OFFSIDE Taking place during an Iranian World Cup qualifying match, Offside follows a group of women who attempt to sneak in to the stadium to watch the ian law. Director Jafar Panahi (Crimson Read Brian Gibson's review on page 27.
METRO CHEMA ZIEDLER HALL, THE CITABEL THEATRE, FRI,
JUL 13, SUN JUL 15 (7 PM); SAT, JUL 14, MON, JUL 15

### SHAMELESS: THE ART OF DISABILITY

directs this penetrating look at disabled culture in Canada and the transforming power of art. Proceeds from the screening will go to support *Our Voice*. Read Brian Gibson's review on page 32. METRO CINEMA, ZIEDLER HALL, CITADEL THEATRE; THU JUL 12, (7 PM)

Directed by Rolf de Heer and Peter Djigirr, and the first film to be shot entirely in the language of Australia's Yolngu people, Ten Canoes is the story of a jealous younger brother out to steal his older brothers' wives. Read Josef Braun's

### All showtimes are subject to change at any time. Please contact theatre for confirmation

CHARA THEATRE-JASPER

6094 Connaught Dr. Jasper, 852-4749

Date of Issue only: Thu, July 12

TRANSFORMERS (PG, violence not recommended for young children) Thu, July 12 1:30, 6:30, 9:15

LICENSE TO WED (PG, coarse language) Thu, July 12 1.30 7:00, 9:15

### CRIEMA AY THE CENTRE

Stanley A. Milner Library Theatre, 7 Sir SPECIAL BUILDING

### MOVIES 12

HOLD MYSE DO AN ALL STREET

ERACUS (PG) Sat Sun 11:00, Daily 1:20, 4 10, 6.45, 9:10; Fri Sat late show 11.35

NANCY DREW (PG) Sat Sun 11:15, 1:50, 4:45, 7:15, 9:25; Fri Sat late show 11:35

(18A, gory scenes) Sat Sun 11.45, 1:45, 4 20, 6 50, 9:35; Fn Sat late show 11:55

**DISTURBIA** (14A) Sat Sun 11:10; Daily 1:35, 4:40, 7:05, 9:30; Fn Sat late show 11:45

(14A, mature themes, sexual content) Sat Sun 11:05, Daily 1:25, 4:15, 7:10, 9:40; Fri Sat late show 12:00

BLADES OF GLORY (PG, crude content, not recommended for young children) Sat Sun 11:20; Daily 2.00, 4:50, 7:30, 10:00; Fn Sat late show 11:50

(16A, gory scenes) Daily 7.20, 9:50; Fn Sat late show 12 05

ND図1 (14A) Sat Sun 11:30; Daily 2:05, 7:35

ARE WE DONE YET
(G) Sat Sun 11:35; Daily 2:10, 4:35
7:00, 9:20; Fn Set late show 11:30

TMOTT (PG) Sat Sun 11:40, Daily 2:15, 5:00

### CITY CENTRE 9

10200-102 Ave. 421-7020

HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX (PG, Inghitening scenes, not recom-mended for young children, no passes) Daily 12:30, 1:15, 3:45, 4:45, 7:00, 8:30, 10:15

(18A, gary scenes, brutal violence) Daily 12:40, 3:30, 6:50, 9:00

LICENSE TO WED (PG, coarse language) Fri-Tue, Thu 1:00 3:15, 7:25, 9:40; Wed 1:00, 3:15, 9:40

KNOCKED UP (18A, sexual content) Daily 12:15, 3:10.

14A, frightening scenes) Daily 9:20 RATATOUILLE (G) Daily 12:50, 4:00, 7:10, 9:50

LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD (14A, violence, no passes) Dally 12:45, 4:10, 7:15, 10:10

EVAN ALMIGHTY

### CLAREVIEW 10

4211-110 Ave. 472-7688 FANTASTIC FOUR: RISE OF THE SULTEN SURFER (PG, Inghtening scenes) Daily 1:10, 3:25, 7:20

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: AT WORLD'S END (PG, violence, not recommended for young children) Daily 12.15, 3.45, 8:00 PROPERTY HONES

(14A, frightening scenes) Daily 7:45,

EVAN ALMIGHTY (G) Daily 1:10, 4:30

LICENSE TO WED (PG, coarse language) Dally 1:00, 4:15, 7:20, 9:45

(14A, violence) Daily 12:45, 4:10, 6:56, 9:55

OF THE PHOENIX
(PG, Inghtening scanes, not recommended for young children, no passes)
Daily 12:00, 12:30, 3:00, 3:30, 6:30,
7:00, 9:30, 10:00

MATTECHNILE (G) Daily 12:50, 3:25, 7:05, 9:35

### GALAXY-SHERWOOD PARK

MED STAMMAN ONCE THE DESIGNATION

IMARY POTTER AND THE UTILS OF THE PROCESS.
(PG. frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes Daily 11:45, 12:15, 3:00, 3:30, 6:30, 7:00, 9:45, 10:15

TRANSFORMERS (PC, violence, not recommended for young children) No Passes, Daily 12:00 12:30, 3:15, 3:45, 6:45, 7:15, 10:00, 10:30

LICENSE TO WED (PG, coarse language) Daily 12:35, 2:50 6.20, 9:30

LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD (14A, violence) Daity 12:10, 3:10, 6:50,

(G) Daily 12:40, 3:40, 7:05, 9 50

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: AT (PG, violence, not recommended for young children Daily 2:30, 6:15, 9:55

### GARNEAU \$4.10-140 Sq. 45 - 1798

(14A, nudity, violence) Daily 6:50, 9:30, Sat, Sun 2:00

GATEWAY 8

5550 Daigary Trail, 436-6977 LICENSE TO WED

SPIDER-MAN 3

MR. BROOKS (18A, Violence) Daily 6.45, 9:15

A MIGHTY HEART (14A) Fn. Mon-Thu 7:05, 9:30; Sat-Sun 1,35, 4,10, 7:05, 9:30 (PG, coarse language) Fn, Mon-Thu 6 35, 9 40; Sat-Sun 1:10, 3:45, 6:35 9 40

MFNE (14A, subtitled) Fn, Mon-Thu 6 30, 8 45, Sat-Sun 3:30, 6 30, 8:45

AWAY FROM HER (PG, coarse language) Daily 7:00, 9 20

SURF'S UP (G) Sat-Sun 1.20, 3:25 NANCY DREW

(PG, Sat-Sun 1:40, 3:55

### ORAHUM THEATRE Grandin Mali. Sir Western Sharehall

EVAN ALMIGHTY (G) Fn-Tue 12 50, 2,45, 7 05

KNOCKED UP (18A, sexual content) Fri-Tue 4 40, 9:00 14A, volence) Fn-Tue 1:20 3 55, 6 35, 9 10, Wed-Tbu 1 20, 3.55, 6 35, 9 15

NANCY DREW IPG) Fn-Tue 1 10, 3 05, 7 15

(14A, frightening scenes) Fri-Tue 5:05, 9:15

RATATOUILLE (G) Fri-Tue 12 45 3:00, 5:15, 7:30, 9:30 Wed-Thu 12:45, 3:00, 5:15, 7:30, 9:30

TRANSFORMERS

FARMY OF THE AMOUNT OF THE PHOENIX (PG, frightening scenes, not recom-mended for young children) Wed-Thu 12:40, 1:10, 2:25, 4:00, 5:00 6:45, 7-45, 9:25

### . LEDUC CINEMAS

3750-5050, Ludy, 369-7150

(G) Daily 7:00, 9:25, Sat Sun 1:10, 3:30 DESCRIBE TO WELL (PG, coarse language) Daily 7:05, 9 15, Sal Sun 1:00, 3 20

TRUMBERSHARE (PG, violence, not recommended for young children) Daily 6:50, 9:40; Sat-Sun 12:50, 3:45

OF THE PHOENIX
(PG, fightening scenes, not recommended for young children) Daily 12:55
3:40, 6:55, 9:40

### MAGIC LANTERN-CAMROSE

Commun. 180-900-1943

OF THE PHOEMX
(PG, finghtening scenes, not recommended for young children) Daily 7:30.
Sat, Sun, Tue, Thu 1:55

LICENSE TO WED (PG, coarse language) Daily 7:00:9:00 Sat, Sun, Tue, Thu 2:10

(G) Daily 6.55 9 05; Sat. Sun. Tues. Thu

LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD (14A, violence) Fri-Thu 6:50 9 10, Sat, Sun, Tue, Thu 2:00

MAGIC LANTERN-SPRUCE GROVE

205 Main St. Spruce Grove, 972-2332

(G) Daily 7:00, 9:10, Sal-Sun, Tue, Thu

# METRO CINEMA

Supplication Ave.

INTERNATION TOO, Set Mon 9:15 JOURNEY TO ARMENIA STC) Fn Sun 9.00; Sat Mon 7:00

### WORTH COMONTON CINEMAS

14201 132th Avenue 730 2203 HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER

CAPTIVITY (18A, gory scenes, brutal violence) Daily 2.00, 5.30, 8.10, 10.45 LICENSE TO WED
PG. coarse language) Daily 12:10, 2:30.

(G) Fri-Mon, Wed-Thu 1:00, 3.45, 7:00.

Star and Strollers Screening: Tue 1.00

SICKO (PG) Daily 1:10, 3:50, 6:45, 9:20 LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD

EXAMPLEMENTS (G) Daily 11.50

1 486 (14A, frightening scenes) Daily 2 10 5 10, 7:50, 10 25

FANTASTIC FOUR: RISE OF THE

(18A, sexual content) Daily 1:20, 4:20 7 20, 10 20

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: AT WORKITS & ENTI (PG, violence not recommended for young children) Daily 12 15, 3:40, 7:10

TRANSFORMERS /PG, volence, not recom young children, no passes) Daily 11:45 12:30, 3:15, 4:00, 6:30, 7:15, 9:50,

(PG) Daily 12:00 OCEAN'S THIRTEEN (PG) Daily 10:35

### PRINCESS

WHITE OR NOT ASSESSED.

THE COURSE (14A, coarse language) Sat, Sun 3:00

SCOTIABANK THEATRE WEM

WORLDSON TO PERSON STREET

HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER ECTIFE FORCESTS (PG. Inghtening scenes, not recom-mended for young children, no passes, digital) Daily 11-30, 12-30, 3-90, 4-90, 5-90, 6-30, 7-30, 9-00, 9-45, 10-45

HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER-OF THE PHOENIX: IMAX 3D (PG, frightening scenes, not recom-mended for young children, no passes sigital, Imax) Daily 12:00, 3:30, 7:00.

LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD (14A, violence, digital) Davy 1:00, 4 15

MaTATION ATS (G, digital) Fin-Tue, Thu 1:10, 3:50, 7:15, 10:10: Wed 1:00, 3:50, 7:15, 10:10

KNOCKED UP (18A, sexual content digital) Daily 12:45 4:10 7:26, 10:20

PG, coarse language, digitali Daily 12 10, 3 20, 6 45, 9 20

100001 (14A, frightening scenes, digital) Davy 4:40, 7:50, 10.43

FANTASTIC FOUR: RISE OF THE

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: AT MITTEL IN IN 18402 (P.G., violence, not recommended for young children, digital) Daily 12 20, 4 20

SCATH EDMONTON COMMON

1929 19 St. 436-4563 HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER

(PG, volence, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 11:45, 12:45, 1.45, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:45, 10:45

EVAN ALMIGHTY (G. digital) Daily 12 40, 3:15

OCEAN'S THIRTEEN (PG, digital) Daily 12 50

LIFERST TO VER

TRANSPORMENT

22200-1111.51.-444-153R SZUT TON 114A gon scenes coarse anguage Fn ★ 4.20 ft(01.9.00 Satisty 14.51 4.20 ft(00.9.00 Min Thu 151.9.30 TEN CANOES (14A, nudrty) Daily 7:00, 9:10; Sat, Sun

HOSTEL PART 2 (16A) any shares brute (Cender au-turbing Cunton Find 4T 6.45, Anti-cut bur Cinc. 4.41 in 45, Anti-Thurs 45, 0.16

(G) Fri-Mon. Wed-Thu 12 10; 11 15 410; 6 45 9:20 Tue 12 00; 4 5; 6 45 9:20. Star and Strovers Screening Tue 1 00

LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD

EVAN ALMIGHTY
4G FRESH TJETTIC 415 THIS 9 AT MORE TO THE TIS 9 40 MAG Fr., 110 415 GA,

1408 144 montecing weres Fr. (1777) Thursday (13) (145 miles) Win (2) 4 v. (1) 2

OCEAN'S THIRTEEN

(18A, sexual content) Daily 1:40, 4,40 7:40, 1

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: AT INC. U.S. EXCEL (PG., violence, in Linear mer ded 1, young children Cary 12.21, 4.50. 8.45

WEST MALES

SHREK THE THIRD IPGI Daily 11:50, 2:15, 4 20

FANTASTIC FOUR: RISE OF THE

(PG) Daily 6:40, 9 15

DISTURBIA

THE INVISIBLE 14A Fr 5 15 130 9 45, Satisson 12:45 3,00, 5 15 7 30 9 45 Mcr Thu 7 30, 9 45

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BLADES OF GLORY ers in a unless not replanationed of toy, and in the Production of the State of the

300 18A 7 7 × enessi€a 7 4 30 € 20

### WESTHOUSE CHARLES

111 Ave, Groat Rd. 455-8726 HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX (PG, fightening scone incline) mended to viving officiation on classes Daily 12:00, 3 (5) A (6) 3 25

TRANSFORMERS
PG, volence, not recommended for young children; Daily 12.15, 3:45, 6.45, 9:45

(G) Daily 12.45, 3:30, 7:00, 9.35

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: AT INCIDENT S ENG (PG, violence, not recommended for young children) Daily 12:30, 4:00, 7:15

### METALEUMID CHIEMAS

0.J. 780; 102-3925

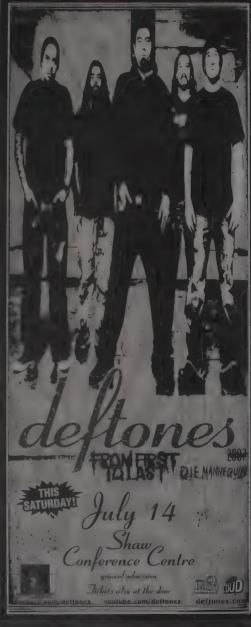
RATATOUILLE IGI Daily 7 00 9:25: Sat Sun 1 10, 3:30 LICENSE TO WED (PG. coarse language) Deely 7 05 9 15 Sat Sun 1:00, 3:20

(PG, violence, not recommended for sound children) Daily 6.50, 9.40; Sat-Sun

HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX (PG Ingittening scenes, not recom-mended for young children) Daily 12 55, 3-40, 6-53, 9-40

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# The cold hard truth about Hot Panda

m CHISTA O KEHE / maychista@vsewself.com ummer in Edmonton: skaters, beggars, construction and festivals. The caravans of food venvis line Churchill Square, whose herete vistas are dotted with artisis tents and dominated by a stage ged by a beer garden. The smell of rm, sticky cider and green onion tes hangs in the humid air.

Blasting into the happy blue sky and late evening sunshine, Hot Panda sertuilty bashes out its way through hyper-spazzy set list while an preciative gaggle of mommies and diders, hipsters, festival volunteers and homeless people soak up the mosphere—and, in some cases, the chol. Random spontaneous dancip breaks out, heads bob and knees orbite, petering out in between each ang to uneven clapping and whistles.

Tjust signed our first autographs," assist Keith Olsen grins proudly. Issen is like a muppet incarnate—veet broad smile, twinkly eyes and a se that's endiessly malleable in the ince of expression. Legendary for cool t-shirts, low impulse control in the control of the cool testing, or anybody, Olsen is a solicius hand ambassador. "I should have ritten," I love you," he says, fretting may not have been effusive ough in dispatching his autographi-

Keith's the funniest one in the and," Mike "Mostly Keyboard" betson concedes later on. "The st of us are the improv people, but is the one that gets everyone laugh-

Chris Connelly, guitarist and singer, grees. "He's just this ball of energy," says, shaking his head in wonder Olsen plows his way through a shily generated monologue that lakes Robin Williams seem reticent comparison.

HE OTHER MEMBERS OF Hot Panda ave coalesced as band business is blen care of and post-show beer is owing. Indeed, they are "improveople"—Robertson, Connelly and rummer Maghan Campbell all have ackgrounds in comedy improvisation Connelly and Robertson are still bibling performers, on stage and in loving pictures as much as possible.

These days, Campbell saves her lagecraft for Hot Panda shows, mug"rig behind her drum kit in between ongs, interjecting the odd showstopnig wisecrack ("she's got the most 
ulgar mouth on her," Olsen whispers 
onspiratorially. "I love it."), and 
ngung the "girl" parts to Connelly's 
oy' parts, her long dark hair swingng in tempo as she provides the jauny, loping gait that braids their 
nambolic panda-pop together.

FRI, JUL 13 (8 PM)
HOT PANDA
WITH MELGROVE BAND, REBEKAH HIGGS
VELVET UNDERGROUND, \$10

Campbell is deadpan and quicker than a sailor with the blue words, but warm and hospitable, like Amy Sedaris doing an imitation of Veronica from the Archie comics.

"Boys always say I'm an 'interesting' drummer," she laughs acidly. "And, 'I don't mean to be insulting, but you're really good for a girl.' But "But she is a super-filly!" Robertson chimes in, with a triumphant vaude-villian "wakka-wakka" finish.

Connelly and Campbell make up a longtime couple, but the other Hot Panda boys hold her in equally high regard. There's none of the scent of sexual privilege that can sometimes waft around couple-centred bands

Campbell earnestly reports, "I'm totally comfortable sleeping with Keith or Mike. I'm as comfortable sleeping with them as I am with

tomed to protecting his flock from predators and their own carelessness

"It's annoying here," Connelly sighs, like a disappointed teacher relaying classroom test results. "A girl in the band is an anomaly, here. An all-girl band is a novelty. It wasn't like that in Oslo."

Campbell and Connelly lived abroad in Norway for a while, an experience they credit as being highly motivational and eye opening.

"I felt like they were more ahead in Oslo," Connelly explains. "They PRIOR TO PLEENG Edmonton, Connelly and Campbell had formed a band called the Blue Letters. Olsen joined that first band, but "quit because we weren't going anywhere." Robertson was his replacement. Both are multi-instrumentalises.

"We were bitter rivals from the very beginning, Mike and I," Olsen contends

Robertson laughs, "Keith actually plays keyboards better than I do."

"They have very, very differen

"Mike's style of keyboard is way quirkier—for the purposes of this rock 'n' roll band, he's the guy," Olsen states

What else does Robertson bring to Hot Panda?

"I'm full of awkward truths Robertson muses, "Like at our first show, this little punk girl yelled 'teabag me!"

"A hilariously drunk girl," Campbell adds, touched. "It was very sweet."

That first show—in October of last year—was "really, really bad" the entire band murmurs simultaneously but Hot Panda's congeniality, energy and enthusiasm catapulted them into the spotlight, their short set talked about for weeks alterwards

"Now it's a creative explosion," Olsen says, with an accompanying hand gesture like that of a scientist describing something on a grand scale.

We were pretty serious as a band right away." Connelly clarifies. "If you're going to do something, you should at least try to do it the best you can."

Do the stuff you need to do as a band," Campbell says. "People are like, 'oh, you made a record so soon! We're not a lazy band. We take what we're offered—every show all the time. We didn't want to wait to tour So we toured. We didn't want to wait to make a record. So we made a record We didn't want to wait to tour again. So now we're going to tour again. Waiting for a break? Screw that! That's crazy. We'll work for it.

The band's Whale Headed Girl EP was recorded in Calgary with producer Diego Medina, an accomplished music-maker himself who plays with the Cape May, Chad van Gaalen and a bost of other projects.

"We sent him an email because he was working with the Wet Secrets—my favourite band in Edmonton," Connelly says. "None of us knew what we were doing, so we wanted a comfortable working environment and all the help we needed. He's cool to work with, he knows what he's doing and.



yes, in spite of the fact that I have a vagina, I can really lay down."

"Our drummer's a 'modern girl,'"
Olsen ribs, all saccharine on the last

Campbell trills, "'Oh, you're such a modern girl! Such a modern girl playing the drums!"

It's clearly a band in-joke, one designed for the boys to show solidarity with their female member without getting all sappy about it.

"Our drummer sort of bends where the backbeat is, but she's always looking for it—'where's the backbeat?'" Olsen continues. "She's not super, filly " "On long road trips, sometimes Maghan takes that too far," Olsen chortles.

Connelly frowns. "Uh, maybe you shouldn't say that it can be taken the wrong way."

Considering his career in film and theatre and frontman role in the band, it's surprising that Connelly is the most low-key of the bunch. He has a serious but amicably boyish demeanour, helpful and polite. It's difficult to tell whether this is his default setting or simply a function of being the guy who has to drive the band home later that night. He has a watchful gaze, like a shepherd accus-

had this really socialist, really healthy, artsy vibe. Like in Edmonton, if just saw some random band, i'd probably hate them, but over there, if I saw a random show, there was usually something i'd really like There was all this cool stuff happening. The Scandinavian pop scene

"And Osio was on this circuit," Campbell reminisces. "We saw more great Canadian bands than we ever have here."

"Once we got back from Oslo," Connelly declares, "we said, 'let's really try to play music instead of fucking around."





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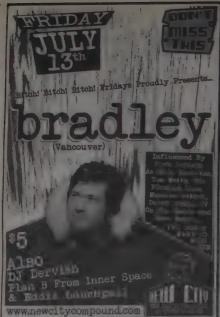


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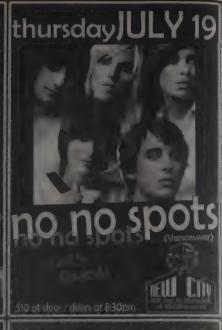
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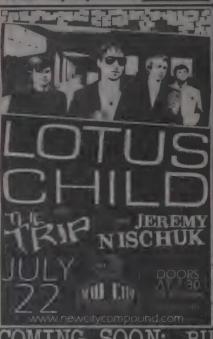


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#### OT PANIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

he's really patient—we'd do the same take over and over again, and we'd feel bad and be like, 'uh, okay, I think lit's fine to move on' and he'd be like, 'No! Do it again!' He wouldn't let us be bad. Really, he was perfect for us.'

Medina must have done something right, because Hot Panda has been charting locally and nationally, with their upcoming "official" EP release in their hometown, followed by a coast-to-coast tour, they can expect to shift a few more copies maybe even enough to finance a fulllength, which they are all eager to work on.

HOT PANDA IS BORED with awkward truths. They would like to move on to lies, preferably also of the awkward variety

"Whatever people see in print, they'll ask us about in other cities when we tour," reasons Robertson. "So, let's say we started as a Kiss cover band."

Done. What about individual lies?
"I used to be a Hutterite," Robertson ventures. "My ancestor, Jacob Hutter, founded the Hutterites in the 1800s."

"My dad inspired the movie Rudy,"
Connelly asserts. "He's the real-life

"Romantically, I was linked to Calgary's Kara Keith. We were the hottest couple in Canadian indie rock," Olsen says garrulously. "But I wouldn't marry her, because she asked me to take her name and I didn't want to be 'Keith Keith'—'Keith squared.' And baby Keith would be 'Keith cubed.' No good!"

"For the last three years, I haven't brushed my teeth. Every two weeks I get them professionally cleaned, and fluoride, too," Connelly notes.

"Fun fact: I was one of the kids in The Care Bears Movie that discover the Care Bears after they come to earth," Robertson contends. "The Hispanic one."

Olsen interjects, "I was born with a tail. A skin tail. It's part of my vertebrae."

Campbell weighs in. "On our way back from our tour. In Saskatchewan, our van broke down and we went at this church to see if we could get help. There were all these toilet seats and milk bottles in front, and I knocked on the door and this guy with long hair answers, in silver track pants and half his teeth missing and no shirt. So I go in to use the phone and he stabs me. I stumble out and the guys in the band don't know, they don't realize I am dying, and I die. They put me in the back and we drive back to Edmonton. When they get here and go to take me out, I wake up from the dead with the sticks in my hand"—she leaps up, eyes wide and shouts—"ready to rock and roll!"

"Yeah, the EP has all sorts of hints that she died," Robertson chuckles. "If you look at one of the lobsters in the mirror, it spells out 'Maghan is dead."

"Actually," Campbell says with a smile, "half that story is true."

## Lizzy Hoyt fiddles with her Red Shoe's

EDEN MUNRO / eden@vueweekly.com

lzzy Hoyt has been playing fiddle with country groups around town since she was 16 years old, but when it came time to record her first solo album, My Red Shoes, she packed up and headed south to Missouri

"I nave some friends who live down there and they said, 'you know, I think you should record a fiddle CD," Hoyt explains in a friendly, enthusiastic voice. "That was in

PREVU

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LIZZY HOYT
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about September, so at the end of October! went down to visit them and they have a studio down there, so! stayed for about a week and a half, but down all my tracks and that was that. It was kind of a lastminute thine."

As fast as the recording process was, Hoyt admits that it wasn't all that difficult, thanks to some preproduction that she did here at home before leaving.

"I decided beforehand what tunes :I wanted to include and went down there and did them," she states confidently. "We only had a short amount of time, so at first we thought we'd have to just do certain ones, but we just kept rolling—with

very long days in the studio—and managed to get all the ones I was interested in having on the CD on there "

HOYT'S ALBUM IS jam-packed with foot-stompin' fiddin', but she's also spent plenty of time playing classical music. She still plays a little of that for herself at home, but when she plays with other people, she's happy to be playing

"Both my parents are classical musicians, but they both come from smaller communities, so for example my grandfather was also a fiddle player," she says "Although I grew up playing classical and

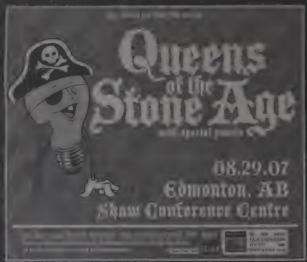
taking lessons, at family gatherings I'd always be fiddling because there was always music associated with any type of family thing that we went to

"This kind of music, that's how you learn—at least I feel that I learn a lot from actually playing with other people," she continues. "In classical

music, you learn music from a piece of paper and I noticed a huge difference when I was fiddling. You can learn tunes from books or from CDs but you notice a huge jump in your ability to create a style when you play with other people live and just jam together. I thirk it's really a part of the culture of fiddling, actually." •







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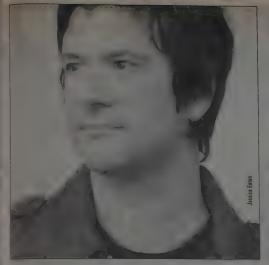
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## Bradley's got a new Pink Pill Program

CAROLYN NIKODYM / carolyn@vueweekly.com

Then you listen to Bradley's recently re-released and revamped Pink Pill Program, you're not at all surprised to hear a cover of the Cure's "Love Song," It's not that the rest of the album conjures up Robert Smith and his band at all, but the well-known ballad shares a sensibility with Bradley's low-key hybrid of acoustic and electronic bleeps and bloops.

What is surprising is what the choice of cover could have been.

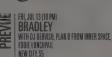
"It wasn't so much the Cure as it was that song, I just really love that song, I'm always kind of the sucker for the ballad on the album—on everybody's album," he says. "I don't know why I picked that one—it was between that one and 'Home Sweet Home' by Môtley Crûe. Maybe the next album."

But then again, the Vancouver musician (aka Brad Ferguson) did do tour time with Econoline Crush—a band that is probably closer to the Crüe than anything else he's known for.

Between music school, touring with the likes of Lily Frost, Kristy Thirsk (of Delirium fame), producing and playing bass with the Modelos, he's a busy musician who has been at it for over a decade.

"At this point they just call me up," he says of sharing the stage with other bands. The done enough stuff now for enough people that I don't have to go and pursue anything anymore. People see me play in different places and call me and ask me to do their shows.

"I love it," he continues. "There's stuff to be learned from everybody and the people that I am playing with are all great songwriters or great musicians or they seem to have risen



above the pack a little."

HIS RESUMÉ ALSO includes a successful, albeit short-lived, turn in Joystick—a collaborative project with Coco Love Acom—that made television folk come a-knocking.

"Joystick just ended up doing more of a studio project. We did the album and that was really the first music that I had ever written and the first collaboration I ever did—as far as a writing collaboration and a production collaboration," he explains. "Mostly people from TV started to get into it, and we sold a bunch of tracks to TV shows, but as far as it lasting, it never went anywhere. And Coco's touring

The pair had tracks end up on The L Word and Dead Zone, and more recently Bradley has done work for CBC's Intelligence.

Re-released two weeks ago for Program blends elements of electronica with layered instrumentation and personal, slithery vocals-you can definitely discern that Bradley is a fan of Beck. Lyrically he isn't at all satirically political, though, and sonically he doesn't so much emulate the Californian scientologist as he does take the inspiration and cast into his own mould. And while it might be interesting to hear Bradley cover something like "Where it's At," it would be a hell of a lot more interesting to have him prick us with some Poison power ballad. V











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## Night time is the right time for Stuart

MYAN BIRTLES / bryan@vusweekly.com

If you really want to enjoy folk music, there's probably no better way to do so than to attend a big olk fest. You've got more artists to thoose from than you would at a regular concert, a more relaxed atmosphere and the performers and udience get to mix and hang out opether over the course of the festival. According to Edmontonian Jeff Stuart, who appears at this weekend's



WITH JEFF STUART, FRED EAGLESMITH, RAE EPOCK AND MANY MORY RANGETON PARK (NORTH OF EVANSBURG), \$25

Pembina River Nights Festival stuart is performing on Saturday night, but the festival begins on Friday night—it is this sense of community which establishes itself at a festival that he likes the most.

"You really get to connect with other artists at a big event like this one" he says. "That's what I'm looking forward to."

Connecting with other people seems my important to Stuart, both personlly and professionally. Having been omewhat of a vagabond—Stuart has ved in a number of different Canadian ties and spent some time living and erforming in Europe—throughout his fe, Stuart has been able to meet peo-



ple from all over the world.

"I think it's sort of the same thing as a festival," he says when asked why folk music and being a vagabond seem to go hand in hand. "There's a new sense of connection, of learning, all the time.

THE PEMBINA RIVER Nights Festival tickets are available at Acoustic Music Shop and Myhre's Music—will give listeners an opportunity to hear the songs Stuart and his new band have been writing and plan to record sometime in the not-too-distant future. As Stuart explains, having the new band has expanded his creative horizons.

"I did the solo thing for a long time, so it's a real treat to have other people to bounce ideas off of," says Stuart. "And they're all such talented musicians I can just step back a bit and enjoy myself."

Baville Roller Brein, Presenter

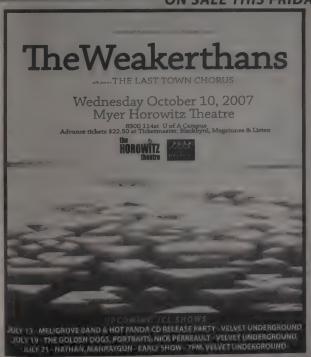
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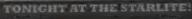
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## The Deftones wake up with a Saturday Night Wrist

fter some hard times, things are looking up for the Deftones. Reports of probwithin the band and breakup mours swirled around them while ey recorded their newest albumheekily named Saturday Night Wrist her the feeling you get when you runkenly fall asleep on your armut the band has apparently merged from its hardships intact nd raring to go.

"I think the press likes to eat up the whole 'almost broke up and overame' angle, but it was just regular and stuff," explains the group's umtablist and keyboardist Frank Delado. "It was a lot of non-communiation. It's not always hunky dory eing in a band for so long, so we just ad to sit down and figure out how to nove forward. After all of it we made pretty good record.

the internet a few weeks before the official release date, which might have caused a big headache for the band, but Delgado didn't think it was that big of a deal.

THE DEFTONES WITH DIE MANNEOUIN
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"It's kind of inevitable nowadays. What sucks is when stuff leaks before the album is even finished," he says, explaining that such a scenario has happened to the band in the past. "An unfinished song, or something that's not going to make it onto the album; writes books, you definitely wouldn't want someone to read your first



DELGADO SAYS THE band-which

ham-is looking forward to touring Canada, then heading overseas and ultimately making a new album

"You'd love to hope you've learned from your mistakes," he says, referring to everything they went through to get the last album done. "Hopefulbut we won't know until we try



## A mad chef leads the Mad Caddies into town

IDEL KELLY / joel@vueweekly.com

t this stage in their career, with five albums under their belts and an international folowing, it's unlikely that the guys in Mad Caddies are about to call it puits. But, if it ever were to happen, ead singer Chuck Robertson knows exactly what he'd do: he'd become an

"I've been dabbling for years, and low it's not so much of a business leasure of his. Topics range from his aunted skills with a barbeque—"Tri tip ose, and I'm your man"-to looking forward to some good old fashioned Alberta beef-"I had one of the best leaks I've ever had up there. We're ing to offend the vegetarians"-to he band's recently released Habanero

THU, JUL 19 (8 PM)
MAD CAUDIES WITH THE REAL MCKENZIES, THE SAINTE CATHERINES STARLITE ROOM, \$19.50

"We didn't actually say, 'we really need to expand our merchandise into edible products," Robertson laughs "It's strictly a novelty item. It's just for

ROBERTSON'S INTERESTS ARE as diverse as his musical influences. Despite Mad Caddies being best known as a ska band, he prefers to describe his group as a very eclectic rock band that dabbles in ska. Robertson seems to face the question of genre quite regularly as ska becomes increasingly populated by bands with more and more diverse sounds, partly

"It was pretty hard in the late '90s," Robertson admits of the post-No Doubt era of ska. "We said screw it were liking our sound. Now, we're back in North America and rebuilding our following again.

The result, he is happy to say, has been both encouraging and slightly dating to the band. "Some of our fans just discovering our music, whether it's younger siblings learning from kids," he says. "We're starting to span

As for Robertson, he doesn't see himself settling down any time soon. "I have other friends who are in regular jobs, but I can't see myself doing the rat race thing," he admits. "That definitely shows up in our music." w



5 Sounds of the Underground CD/DVD sets

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VICE

MARC MORIN / marc@vueweekly.com

Break out the skinny jeans, put on your hot vintage sunglasses and clear your nos-THIS ROCKS trils because French electro duo Justice have released their first full-length album just in time for summer. † brings the party and brings it hard with their signature deep glitchy tion. The sound is dirty and filthy and you want to get your groove on.

Known worldwide for their Ed Banger Parties run by Daft Punk manager and label owner Pedro "Busy P" Winter, Justice does an excellent job of encasing the soul of a huge party in an album-even featuring vocals of fellow Ed Banger Uffie.

there are great mixes between each industrial samples laden throughout, wine, cheese, questionable sex acts

THE UNITED STEEL WORKERS OF MONTREAL KEROSENE AND COAL

LEWIS KELLY / lewis@vueweekly.com



people, the face of Canadian

best efforts of Corb Lund and his comand Coal, the latest from Canuck Montreal, is a brilliant piece of popcountry. It probably won't re-brand Canadian country, but it deserves to.

Kerosene's primary appeal is its catchiness. Simple, up-tempo tunes are the order of the day here, and record is at its best when everything is turned up to 11. The album is as

### THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T THEY? PICK UP STICKS

BAYAN BIRTLES / bryan@vueweekly.com

live was at a Halloween THIS ROCKS show at a roller rink. The setting, and the setting being one of an evening it was

like a marching band in a parade that delivers the kind of playfully unstathat can turn your party from a drab

If you're not into raucous group makeouts, then obviously this isn't you. But who are you kiddingnoticed you noticing me, and I kn you noticed me noticing you notice me. The party is in my basement th

## IDEALISM ASTRAIWERKS

LEWIS KELLY / lewis@vueweekly.com



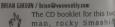
Oh, those crazy European with their techno duos an crazy electronica. It THIS ROOKS enough to make this North American's head explode!

Digitalism, made up of two dude pared to Daft Punk. While Jens Moel turned into robots, they share oth characteristics with their French peers: they, too, can make a wicke

Idealism, Digitalism's first ful Discovery, Daft Punk's second relea Sample after sample is layered on of one another until dizzying heigh

what it is about tracks like "Pogo"

## THE SMASHING PUMPKINS



Pumpkins restart, Zeitgei THIS IS DK suggests Billy Corgan an Jimmy Chamberlain are both satiriz ing and exploiting the times, with image of Paris Hilton in front o nuclear cloud and then an apparer sincere thank-you to the blonde aires in the credits. But opener "Doomsda Clock" is some uncompromising rock et 'n' roll that captures a little of th





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alyzing truth of these dark days: m certain of the end / It's the ans that has me spooked ... is eryone afraid?" Then the riffs udge into similar-sounding "7 gdes of Black," while some songs, is single "Tarantula," seem a hollow, if carving-out of not just old Pumpabut a crash-and-bash QOTSA.

when a track is tight and isek or one rumbling, loose and driving, like leeding the Orchid" or the prog-ish hied States," there are flashes of ignality. "I'm in touch with you," organ sings, but while there aren't an umbingly dull songs here ough the anesthetic starts to settle by the end—only a few parts sugest a feel for the fresh songcraft of their Billy Corgan and company s. Zeitgeist is generally too unitim, too uninspired—but perhaps at's its truest reflection of our blanbing world.

#### ARIOUS ARTISTS IICHORED IN LOVE: A TRIBUTE TO JUNE IRTER CASH

#### CHRISTA O'KEEFE / marychrista@vuawaekly.com

if you can get past the "Jesus-y" stuff (and there's a lot of it here—this was, after all, the plous woman who bught Johnny Cash to the Judeo-listian God), Anchored in Love is a bendously capable and dotingly ade tribute to arguably the "better"

ohnny's beloved June was often in shadow of the creative and mythic unt of the Man In Black, but she was partner musically long before they bred a marmage bed, and Anchored in excellent primer on her gospelbots milieu. A legend in her own ght, Loretta Lynn masters the iconic Nildwood Flower," a gentle reel of sappointment and restoration that an be interpreted as a journey rough the wilderness of divine love tromantic love.

Duets are many here, mostly apeccably chosen (except the exerable Billy Bob Thornton narrating foad to Kaintuck"): Sheryl Crow minds us she's more than a omen's magazine content stable aired with Willie Nelson for "If I Were appenter," Carlene Carter and Ron-Dunn rip through a saucy "Jack-Di" as if it were their own and Patty eless and Kris Kristofferson deliver lender "Far Side Banks of Jordan." Vis Costello does a predictable and Iviceable "Ring of Fire," while a er Cash's stepdaughter Rosanne a heulogizes "Wings of Angels."

The most affecting songs are the st expected: Grey DeLisle renders 82 Yellow Peaches" forlorn and foren, while the finale, Emmylou Hars's "Song To John," is enough to duce anyone to tears.





### Man, that record sucked!



Last weekend, my wife and I decided to head to the closing-out sale of Toronto's most famous music-selling institution, Sam the Record Man's flagship store on Yonge Street.

The famous rotating neon records that adorn the shop were pretty well burned out, but the store was jammed for the final clear-out sale, with some merchandise going at 50 per cent off and CDs going as low as 99 cents each. Sam's, which used to be the biggest record-store chain in the country, was going, going, gone. And customers like us were picking over the bones, long after the auctioneers had already sold the gold records, memorabilia and CD and DVD lots. Basically, what we were going over is what the auction attendees wouldn't take, even for free

So, straight to the 99-cent bin I went—and what a rogues gallery of music. I remembered seeing a few CDs I'd giwen no-star reviews to in the pages of Vue, but what struck me is how many of the 99-cent albums actually came from decent bands. Every band puts out a dud album at some

point, and it's copies of those albums that are so dangerous to the stores. Basically, the stores, knowing the band is hot, buy a ton of copies in advance of the release date, and are then stuck with them when it stiffs.

Really, I think I saw at least 200 copies of Sugar's File Under Easy Listening. Remember, the full-length album Bob Mould and co put out after Copper Blue, which was regarded as one of the best records of the '90s'? Of course you don't. It was the album that disappointed—and tanked. Obviously, some buyer over a decade ago thought that Sugar's next album was going to break it big ... and, in 2007, those copies were in the 99-cent bin, along with the Modern English album that didn't have "I Melt With You" and Morrissey's Your Arsenal.

It got me thinking. We spend so much time in music journalism celebrating the great albums, but what about disappointments? This 99-cent bin was filled with the woulda coulda shoulds of modern rock

What's your pick for the most disappointing record you ever bought? I'd love to hear from you.

Steven Sandor is a former editor-inchief of Vue Weekly, now an editor and author living in Toronto.

## QUICK SPIN WHITEY AND TO PLAYER OUTDISSONS OF VIEW GREEN IN COM

#### GRAVYTRAINDU ALL THE SWEET STUFF COENON

Sex romp electro? Needs less Joke 'n' Poke and more Happy endings y'all

### DEADBEAT JOURNEYMAN'S ANNUAL

Background music for Wild all-night benders at Ross Moroz's house

#### THE CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA MAI PUTUR NINJATUNE

A great epic disc A huge dose of "Artsy" and Not so much "fartsy"

#### SHOP BOYZ ROCKSTAR MENTALITY UNIVERSAL

Party like Vince Neil? Career trajectory like Challenger shuttle?

#### FRANK ELACK 93-03 LIMING WATE

Alt-rock grandaddy
Shows us how it's done, tells punks
To get off his lawn

#### KIM MITCHELL AIN'T LIFE AMAZING INUFFENDENT

Once a wild party.
Poor Kim ain't had it since he
Shaved his hair curtain

#### STILL REMAJOS The Sempent Roadrunner

Some decent songs and Sweet riffage save this from the Nü-metal shit-heap

#### DD/MM/YYYY ARE THEY MASKS? WE ARE BUSY BODIES

Talentless hacks or Maniacal geniuses The jury's still out

#### THE PANIC THIS TOO IS DISPOSABLE INDEPENDENT

Sorta alt-country, Sorta Violent Femmes, sorta Need to practice more





## Tight gonch and good songs

EDEN MUNRO / eden@vsawsekly.com

A Te're watching Alice in Wonderland here," laughs Melissa Majeau over the phone, before adding "and we're actually painting merchandise. My neighbour Isabelle [Pageau] and I, we are designing our own merchandise. There are tank tops and panties, tight gonch and bags and shopping sacks. They've got little cherries on them with an arrow shot through them, and some of them have these little happy crabs on



them, and snowflakes and crocodiles-all handmade artwork and merchandise.

Talking to Majeau it becomes clear that she holds an appreciation for every nuance when it comes to making music-"People think, 'oh, it's not important, it's about the music." she says, "but it's not-art is the whole package, the stimulation of the senses"-and it's not at all surprising that she is taking the time to create her own merchandise as she prepares to release her third album, Snowflakes and Arrows. The CD release show will even be accompanied by art displays from her neighbour Pageau and Sandra Kunz, with Majeau performing with her band and a few special

STILL, MAJEAU IS IN no danger of sacrificing musical quality in favour of the visuals. Her new disc is a raw mixture of Majeau's soulful band provides-guitar lines twist in and out and around the bass, while the drums carry the groove along

Majeau says that when she writes, the songs begin with just her and a guitar, but she's happy with the way things evolved once she brought the tunes to the band,

"I'd say the lyrics are always in the forefront, being that I'm a singer-songwriter before I'd say I'm a musician," she explains. "But I find the more I'm recording, the more the grooves become a stronger driving force. Like with this album, the groove just kind of takes over the lyrical content." V



## Are we there yet? Are we now?

BAVID BERRY / david@vueweekly.com

Then I came to my label and told them I wanted to do a Billy Braggstyle bass project, they thought I'd lost my mind," says Ken Tizzard, his easy baritone betraying a touch of bemusement as he explains his decision to embark on a solo career. "I didn't care, though: I couldn't spend the rest of my life doing the same thing over and over again.

The "same thing" Tizzard refers to would be

KEN TIZZARD STATE OF SE

playing bass for Canadian alt-rock bands. After a stint in radio-friendly Winnipeg group the Watchmen, Tizzard-who actually hails from the East Coast, though he currently makes his home in Toronto-found himself thumping strings for 604 Records darlings Thornley, a band distinguishable from his old group mostly only in name and roster

After splitting with the group in 2005, Tizzard knew he didn't want to keep up with the same old same old. Instead, he retreated to the singer-songwriters of his youth-Bob Dylan and Nick Drake are the names he most frequently mentions-and put out an album heavily influenced by such, last year's Quiet Storey House ... An Introduction, label be damned.

"Ultimately I have to do what's in my heart," Tizzard explains. "If people get it, they get it, but I'm not going to do something I don't want



OF COURSE, THAT HAS come with drawbacks the days of tour buses and thousand-seat venues have been traded for RV trips with the family-Tizzard's wife and two children are accompanying him on this cross-country tour, camping their way across Canada-and more intimate performances, but for Tizzard, that actually part of the appeal of his new gig.

"My family gets themselves a great vacation and I get to play the music I want to play for people," Tizzard says in a voice tinged with almost instant nostalgia. "That is everything could want right now." ¥

### 概 ASTROLOGY

#### ARIES (MAR 21 - APR 19)

Among the Yanyuwa Aboriginal people who live along the coast of Australia's Northern Territory, the word for "fat" is nalu-ngiliny. It doesn't merely refer to the greasy stuff that grows naturally under the skin of animal bodies. It's also a metaphysical term for vitality. Anything that's rich in nalu-ngiliny is healthy. A certain landscape may be considered fat, for instance, which means that it's fertile and sacred. Your assignment in the coming week is to identify the things in your life that are nalungiliny, and to give them the honor, gratitude and nurturing they deserve

#### TAURUS (APR 20 - MAY 20)

"Don't cross a bridge until you come to it," advises the old adage. But is that really a good idea? Fact is, the world belongs to people who have crossed bridges in their existed. Let that be your guiding thought in the coming weeks, Taurus. Start visualizing, contemplating and building in your mind's eye a certain bridge you want to make abundant use of in 2008.

#### GEWINI (MAY 21 - JUN 20)

The German word selig can mean both "ecstatic" or "blessed." It implies that profound bliss can be a divine gift; that deep pleasure may generate or come from spiritual inspiration. The English language doesn't have a term comparable to selig, maybe because our culture regards ecstasy with suspicion. Religious people tend to believe that the blessed are those who are good and kind, certainly not those who are skilled at cultivating ecstatic states. People who worship rationality, on the other hand, like intellectuals and scientists, often think of ecstasy as at best an irrelevant state, and at worst a non-productive or deluded indulgence. Personally, I'm in alignment with the values embodied by the word selig. It happens to be your

#### CANCER (JUN 21 - JUL 22)

To celebrate your ramble through the most wildly independent phase of your astrological cycle, I'm offering you three inspirational quotes. The first is from poet ee cummings: "To be nobody but yourself in a world that is doing its best day and night to make you like everybody else means to fight the hardest battle that any human being can fight." Your second shot of motivation is from Clarissa Pinkola Estes: "If you have ever been called defiant, incorrigible, forward, cunning, insurgent, unruly, or rebellious, you're on the right track. If you have never been called these things, there is yet time." Lastly, here's a Hindu proverb: "There is nothing noble in being superior to some other person. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.

#### LEO (JUL 23 - AUG 22)

What is the meaning of life? Is there such a thing as free will? Why is there something rather than nothing? If God exists, why does he or she seem to be invisible? Dear Leo, guestions like those I just asked are completely irrelevant to you right now. To ponder them for even a few minutes would be a waste of time. Here, on the other hand, are the kinds of questions that will lead you in the direction you need to go. What is your greatest fear and what can you do to diminish it? How could you become smarter about the way you love? What pose would it be a big relief for you to drop? Which of your wounds is primed for a dramatic healing, and what's the best way to begin the cure?

#### VIRGO (AUG 23 - SEP 22)

"The things that can destroy us," said Gandhi, "are politics without principle; pleasure without conscience: wealth without work; knowledge without character: business without morality; science without humanity; and worship without sacrifice." You Virgos are better than most signs at avoiding six of those dangers. The one you're most prone to get tripped up by is knowledge without character. The coming weeks will be an excellent time to check in with yourself to see if you're guilty of that flaw, and then, if you find a shortfall, take steps to correct it. Make sure that you're not only being smart, but also wise

#### LIBRA (SEP 23 - OCT 22)

It's Welcome Your Challenges with Open Arms Week. To take maximum advantage of this festive occasion, practice being grateful for your interesting difficulties remind yourself of how much smarter and stronger they can make you. Celebrate the riddles and dilemmas that have helped and will continue to help transform you into such a uniquely gorgeous creature. Now study these words of wisdom from playwright Theodore Rubin: "The problem is not that there are problems. The problem is expecting otherwise and thinking that having problems is a problem."

#### SCORPIO (OCT 23 - NOV 21)

I asked my readers to make a prediction about what age they'll be when they finally know exactly who they are. "I hope I NEVER completely know who I am!" wrote Bridjet. "I love discovering new things about myself, and to change as everything else around me changes. It is one of the most beautifully thrilling things about life." If you share that perspective, Scorpio, the coming days should be pretty fun. You're likely to become dramatically more mysterious to yourself. You'll be evolving, even mutating, in ways that may amaze you, and you'll be coming face to face with hidden aspects of yourself. Let the confounding, enriching expansion begin!

#### SAGITTARIUS (NOV 22 - DEC 21)

After studying the astrological omens and consulting with an elite panel of 20 village idiots, my team of horoscope experts has determined that at least once in the coming week you would be wise to wander around town with no particular goal, responding with innocent enthusiasm and hungry curiosity to whatever scenarios you happen to stumble upon, pleased to be educated by the random flow of stimuli that come your way. If you don't have the courage or leisure to pull that off, here's the second-best strategy: go someplace you've never been and do things you've never done. Third-best: spend an entire day being naked.

#### CAPRICORN (DEC 22 - JAN 19)

A misguided swan became infatuated with a pedal boat at a pond in Hamburg, Germany. Apparently mistaking it for his soul mate, the devoted bird guarded the boat jealously and rarely left its side. The human owner of the boat found it amusing at first, but later regarded it as a nuisance since the enamored swan chased away al potential renters of the vehicle. I propose to make this poignant creature your antirole model in the coming weeks, Capro corn. May he inspire you to free yourself o all delusions you have entertained over the years about the kind of intimate ally you need in order to be happy.

#### AQUARIUS (JAN 20 - FEB 18)

"I think we ought to read only books that bite and sting us," wrote Franz Kafka ig The Blue Octavo Notebooks. "If the bool does not shake us awake like a blow to the skull, why bother reading it in the first place?" I suggest you find at least one such book to help you get the most of the cur rent cosmic configurations, Aquarius. Mor than that, I encourage you to find people and experiences and dreams that have a similar effect. It's that phase of your cycle when you can thrive on fertile uproar.

#### PISCES (FEB 19 - MAR 20)

"The master in the art of living makes little distinction between his work and his play, his labor and his leisure, his love and his religion," wrote novelist James Michener. Your assignment in the coming week, Pisces, is to get at least three steps closer to being such a master. Use all your ingenuity and imagination to figure out how to bring the full force of your primal lust for life into every single thing you do, even activities that other people might regard as trivial or difficult or low-status. w

#### CLUBS/LECTURES

CONVERSATION CAFÉ Unity of Edmonton Church, 13212-106 Ave • Meeting presented by Rev. Yvonne Recine • Every Tue (1-3pm)

sciences SOCIAL CLUB Roost, 10345-104 St (397-3343) • sciencesers, transsexuals, friends and supporters meet the

wau.org, Raja Yoga Meditation • Tranquility ion Thotas Tradition 10502-70 Ave (633-6157) metashiling org, Beginners welcome, instruction , every Wed (7pm), free

A SET TERS CHEMITY BOOK IN CHARACTER, 18 IT nasion by Gordon Howell of Hywell-Mayhev neering of what this house is all about, and what is now the "Thu, July 12 (7pm) " Free

WOMER IN BLACK in front of the Old Strathcone Farmers' Market • Silent vigil every 1st and 3rd Sat each month, stand in silence for a world without wolence (10-11am)

#### **QUEER LISTINGS**

AFRIM SUMMYBROOK-RED DEER Red Deer (403-347-

AGAPE Faculty of Education, U of A Campus • Sex, sexual, gender differences in education and culture focus group • Contact Dr. Andre Grace (andre grace@ualberta.ca) for info

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LIVING POSITIVE 404, 10409-124 St, www.edmlvingpusitive.ce [1-877-975-948/488-5769] \* Providing confidential peer support to people living with HIV \* Every Tue (7-9pm) Support group \* Daily drop-un, peer counselling

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WOMONEPACE (780-482-1794) ≈ A non-profit lesbien organization, organized activities hald monthly including ficanced non-smoking dances, coffee houses, family events, games nights, golf tournaments and more « www.geycana da.com/wemonepace, e-mail: veronospece@gmail com

#### SPELIAL EVENTS

2453/439-6725) • Edmonton Bicycle Commuter's Social (EBC) • July 12 (6-9pm)

July 2" — Treiets available at Tik on the Square

DOWNTOWN RATY TEST (665-555) — Industry SnettA-Resk Party, Verdenaddy July 18 (Spri) » Kicked from Treien Market (1646-656) — Resk Party, Verdenaddy July 18 (Spri) » Kicked from Treien Market (1646-656) — Resk Party, Verdenaddy July 18 (Spri) » Kicked from Treien July 19 « After Wort: the miner from 200 ZK (Uz mitude bandle). The Company-Race Party: the to up Commercial Friedry with Restrict Deletin and Link Morrison: City, July 20 « Ander Market (1646) — Resk Party (16

FESTIVAL Queen Alexandra School gym, 7739-196 St, www.historicedimonton ca (439-2787) • Celebrata our Heritage, , our Stories, Entertainment, a historic bus tour or e horse-drawn carnage tour • July 21-29 (2-4pm)

EDMONTON GHOST TOURS Meet in front of the Rescuer Statue, Walterdale Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave (469-3187] 

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A TASTE OF EDMONTON Churchill Scuare . July 19-28 CAPITAL EX FESTIVAL Northlands \* www.exentsedmon-ton.com \* The festival consists of a number of events that are presented throughout the capital region, including A Laste of Edmonton, Klondike breakfasts, and the Fun Tub Darby \* July 19-28

### KARADKE

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BLIND PIG 32 St. Anne Street, St. Albert . Every Wed/Fri

CAMELOT SPORTS BAR 10231-95 St (425-4298) • Every Sun (8pm-12), with Jeannie and Bruce CASTLEDOWN'S P UB 16753-100 St . Every Too (9pm-

CASTLE ROCK PUB 570 St Albert Rd (458-8766) • Every Wed Karaoka with Bonita Peterson and All Fired Up Karaoka, Spm-2am

CROWN AND ANCHOR 15277 Castledowns Rd (472-7696) • Every Thu (10:30pm) • Every Wed: Name that Tune

GAS PUMP 10166-114 St (488-4841) . Every Tue-Wed

HOQLIBANZ PUB 10704-124 St (452-1168) . Karaoke every

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MAZADAR 10725-104 Ave (429-4940) . Every Fri (5pm-

NEWCASTLE PUB 6108-98 Ave (450-1999) . Every Thu

O'CONNOR'S IRISH PUB 9013-88 Ave (469-8165) • Name that Tune; every Thu (9pm)

ORLANDO'S 1 15163-121 St (457-1649) • Every Wed/Thu/Sun (9:30pm-2am), with TLC Entertainin

OVERDRIVE NEIGHBOURHOOD PUB 6401-104 St (988 5457) • Every Sat hosted by Jenny Joy; 9pm

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## There's gay, and then there's gay

E QUEERMONTON l ted@vueweekly.com

I am 28 and gay. I have been out since the summer before I entered the tenth grade. By the time I reached Jasper Place High School, the halls had already been queered a few years earlier by two guys: a flamboyant straight guy who didn't care that everyone thought he was gay and an out (and out to lunch) gay guy who didn't really care about school. They were both such authentic and enigmatic individuals that my chubby, nelly, slightly grating presence barely even registered.

Aside from the culture at school, the culture in general back in the mid-'90s was more willing to consider gays. Rickie was using the girl's bathroom on My So-Called Life and everyone knew that Ellen was gay (even before she said so). I easily slipped in amongst the drama nerds and school newspaper geeks—high voice, turtleneck and all. If a jock was going to beat me up, it was most likely because I was in his way-not because I was re-enacting a Madonna video in the hallway. My sexuality was never really a bone of contention (and for that matter, my bone was never really contended with, but that's another column entirely).

Fast-forward to almost a decade later. Even though I have, uh, played fetch a few times in the interim, it is only in the last few years that I am beginning to understand what it is to be a homosexual

For the better part of my adult life I have been a self-neutered homo-a castrated figure for comic relief, somewhile being disconnected from the pivotal aspect that made me so, I played the roll but never rolled with the play

In high school and even into my early 20s I never mentioned anal sex unless I was making a joke, I made fun of "flamers." I held the hands of girls as they told me their boy problems and I never hit on guys who said they were straight. I went shopping a lot, worked retail and waited in line to see Evita; I found band frontmen dreamy and never spoke about my personal life-because I didn't have one. I had a few boyfriends but never really dedicated myself to the relationships (sorry Matt). I was so wrapped up with being a likeable, respectable gay guy that I forgot to find out what it meant to be gay (let alone queer). I took being gay for granted because my homosexuality was basicate? ly accepted.

LIKE SO MANY HOMO DUDES before me (and, some could argue, most of the current mainstream "gay movement") I got lost in the struggle for acceptance. I watered down my own desires and urges for the comfort of others. I disconnected with myself to the point that I became a caricature of what it is to be gay

By cutting myself off from the primordial thrust of being gay, I cut myself off from a lot of experiences. Just recently I've begun to find out who Harvey Milk is and have started to understand the deep-seated scars AIDS continues to leave. Just now am I enjoying the sensation of waking up to a heavy hairy arm on my chest that is not my own. Just now am I experiencing the joys and specific agonies of guy on guy problems

And I'm lucky, because even though I feel like a late bloomer there are still tons of neutered homos out there. I see them with their t-shirts on under dress shirts lest they show some chest hair, fidgeting with their hands, picking away at beer bottle labels or playing with their cell phones, scared of what their hands may do if they are left to their own devices. Even a few weeks ago at Edmonton's Pride Dance-an event existing for no other pretense than 🗯 get drunk, be gay and have fun-the room was full of tucked in torsos with both feet firmly planted on the ground, guys standing in awkward semicircles talking about condo fees.

There are so few of us gays who want to be the odd man out-hence the whole reason we self-neutered in the first place—that neuteredness in public settings becomes contagious. At the dance, once I realized how gone my balls were from my surroundings, I passed up the best pick-up line I have experienced. I was talking to this dude when POP!-out of my hand went a bunch of tickets I was holding. As I was picking them up, the guy said-with what I could tell was a perverse grin-"while you're down there ... " w

## Okay ... I'll take 'STD potpourri' for \$200, Andrea

I get cold sores on my lips. Since I don't want to infect my wife with the herpes virus when I have an outbreak, I don't kiss or go down on her.

Are we being too cautious? Is it safe to go down on her while I have cold sores?

Of course you're not being too cautious. The mouth kind of herpes (herpes simplex one) prefers mouths and the other sort (simplex two, natch) prefers the other places, but like so many of us it can be persuaded to switch sides under the right circumstances. Keep doing what you're doing, since it seems to be working.

What's the deal with the transmission of HPV? Is it spread by contact with the blisters themselves or the area in which the blisters appear, or is it blood-borne and spread by contact between uninfected

I guess my question is basically, well, what is the safe sex protocol for genital

Um ... which goes in the what now? Okay, this part is important: HPV

stands for "human papilloma virus, " aka "genital warts." The blisters-causing thing is herpes, aka HSV, which is similar in a lot of ways (caused by a virus, treatable but incurable and spread by contact) but not at all the same thing.

The quickie answers to your questions would go something like this: it's spread by contact with the infected area or something that's been in contact with same: it is not blood-borne, so the safesex protocol is "don't touch uninfected partners with your affected bits or with other body parts or random objects which have recently rubbed up against your

I strongly urge those who know as lit-tle about these things as you do to go from here to someplace like ashastd.org or the CDC and read more before rubbing anything much of yours against anybody else's anything, really.

I am a lesbian who has gotten a genital wart about once a year for six years, so I guess I'm stuck with it. I had a girlfriend for two years who never got a wart, even though we weren't ultra-safe. Now that I'm single again I'm worried about what I can safely do with other women. Can HPV be transmitted by naked snuggling? Thigh humping? Strap-on sex (with a con-dom of course)? LOVE ENDOGREE

Potentially, potentially and also potentially, since the condom will be covering inert silicone or whatever but not preventing your partner from sliding up against the un-barriered, occasionally warty parts of you unless it is an extremely looong strap-on device (not that there's anything wrong with those).

The general word on STDs is that woman-to-woman transmission is the least likely of the commonly-occuring per-mutations but not, of course, impossible. I'd suggest full disclosure, as much caution as practicable and a philosophical

### LOLL ANDREA

My girlfriend just got diagnosed with HPV after an irregular Pap. We've been having tons of unprotected sex for about

This may sound stupid, but should I start

wearing a condom every time? Can't I just assume that I'm already carrying HPV like 75 per cent of the country? Neither of us wants to go back to protected sex.

You know, that's actually a really good question. The truth is, you and your girlfriend going about your business condomfree, knowing all you know is pretty much the definition of "informed consent." There's nothing stopping you from pro-

Another thing at least 75 per cent of the population has in common at some point, though, is that they have girlfriends or boyfriends and then they break up and get new ones. Call your attitude fatalistic, nihilistic or just plain realistic, but your next girlfriend may not share it, and may choose not to share your virions, either, assuming you have any.

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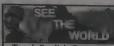
For a project, we are seeking people who are immi-grants from the Caribbean, of African descent and settled in Alberta during the '50s-'60s, ph dennifer Kelly 492-4229, Jennifer kelly@ualberta.ca.

Whyte Avenue Art Walk, July 13-15; Register \$45 at The Paint Short 10516 Whyte Ave or 12418-102 Ave.

net 1st is the deadline of you're interested in participant in Northern Harmony '07, Nov. 3. For its www.northernharmony.ca/application.

Call for submission: SNAP front space. Exhibition for sales to the public for more info phone 423-1492 or e-mail snap@snapartists.com

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- you may win only once every 60 days
- Vue Weekly reserves the right to exclude anyone from our contests
- no staff, sponsors or members of their immediate family may enter
- the personal information of those who enter will not be sold but may be provided to contest sponsors
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